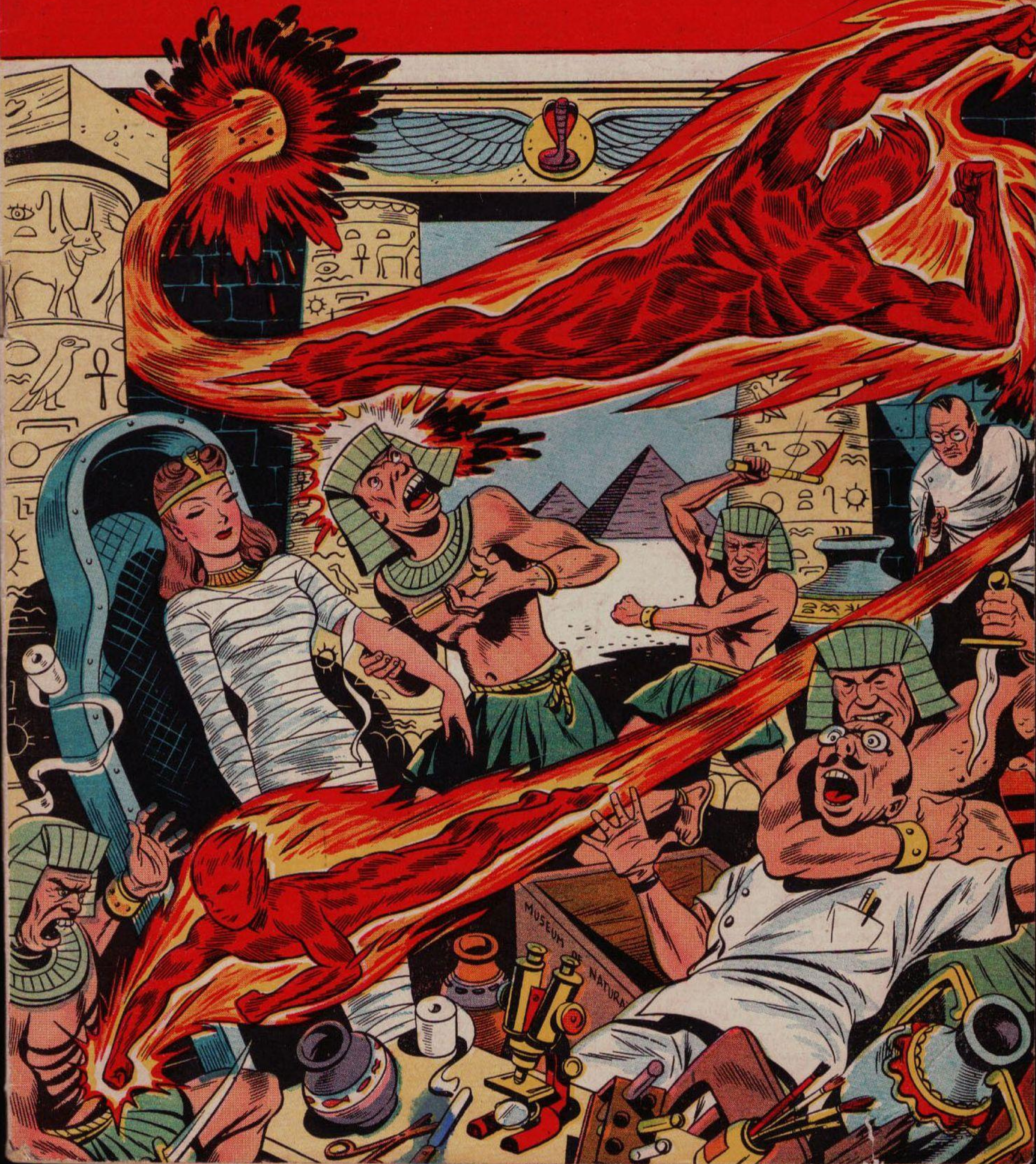
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 71

APRIL


MUSEUM OF NATURA

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1440, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to **DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1440, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.**

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Color of Hair ....

Color of Eyes ....

Beautiful Imitation BIRTHSTONE *RING GIVEN* AWAY

Also Other Valuable Gifts

Smart, new, dainty Sterling Silver ring set with sparkling, imitation birthstone correct for your month date. GIVEN for selling as few as 5 boxes at 25c each.

Send No Money Now. Do like thousands of others do and get valuable gifts such as billfolds, scissors, games, bracelets, rings, lockets, jewelry, hosiery and other premiums that are easily yours. Simply send the coupon with your name and address and tell us what gift you would like to earn. The gift you select is given to you promptly and sent postpaid for selling just a few boxes of nationally known *"Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner"* at 25c each and returning the money collected as explained in our free catalog sent with your first order. Here's your lucky chance to receive a valuable gift. Your friends, relatives and neighbors all need "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" that saves many, many dollars in dry cleaning bills.

LOCKET

Beautifully embossed Heart Locket. 18-inch chain. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes at 25c each.

FOUNTAIN PEN

Big barrel. Lever action filler. GIVEN for selling 1 order, as per catalog. We trust you, Send today.

HOLSTER SET

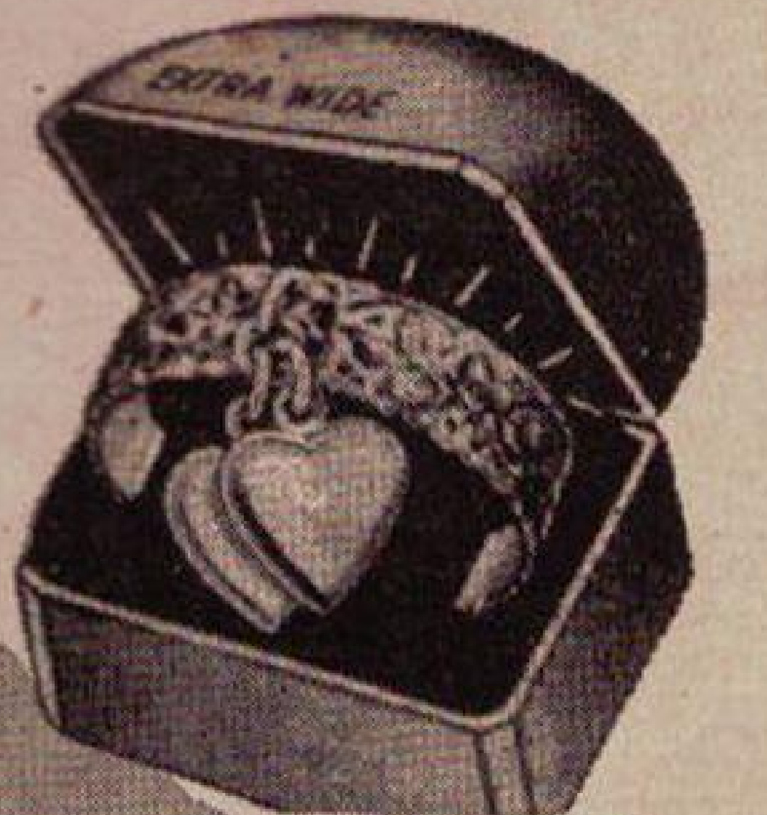
COWBOY OUTFIT. Regular Texas type PISTOL and decorated holster with leather belt — all GIVEN for selling only one order as per catalog.

EXCITING WALKY-TALKY

Built for action. Gives hours of entertainment. GIVEN for selling only 1 order of Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c per box and returning the money collected.

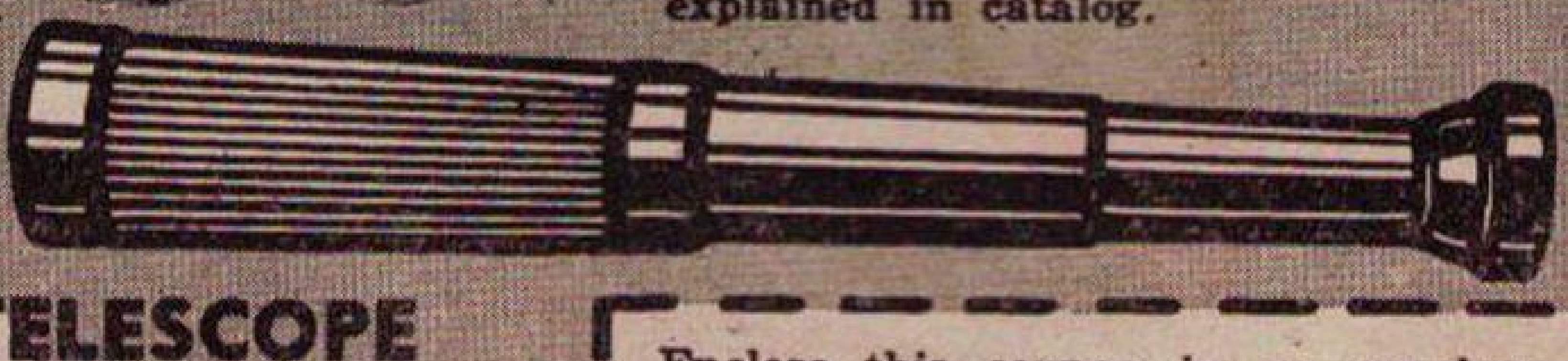
Candid Type CAMERA

Uses standard film. Makes clear, sharp snapshots. GIVEN for selling only 1 order as explained in catalog.



Friendship Ring

Sterling Silver with 2 pendant hearts. GIVEN for selling 1 order. SEND THE COUPON TODAY.



TELESCOPE

for spotting planes, hunting and vacations. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes of "Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner" at 25c each as explained in our FREE catalog. Just send the coupon for your order to start. WE TRUST YOU.

LEATHER BILLFOLD

With many compartments for currency and protected pockets for membership cards, credit cards, etc. GIVEN for selling only 5 boxes at 25c each as explained in our catalog.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-684, JEFFERSON, IOWA

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to **GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-684, Jefferson, Iowa,** for order to start.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

GIFT Wanted ....

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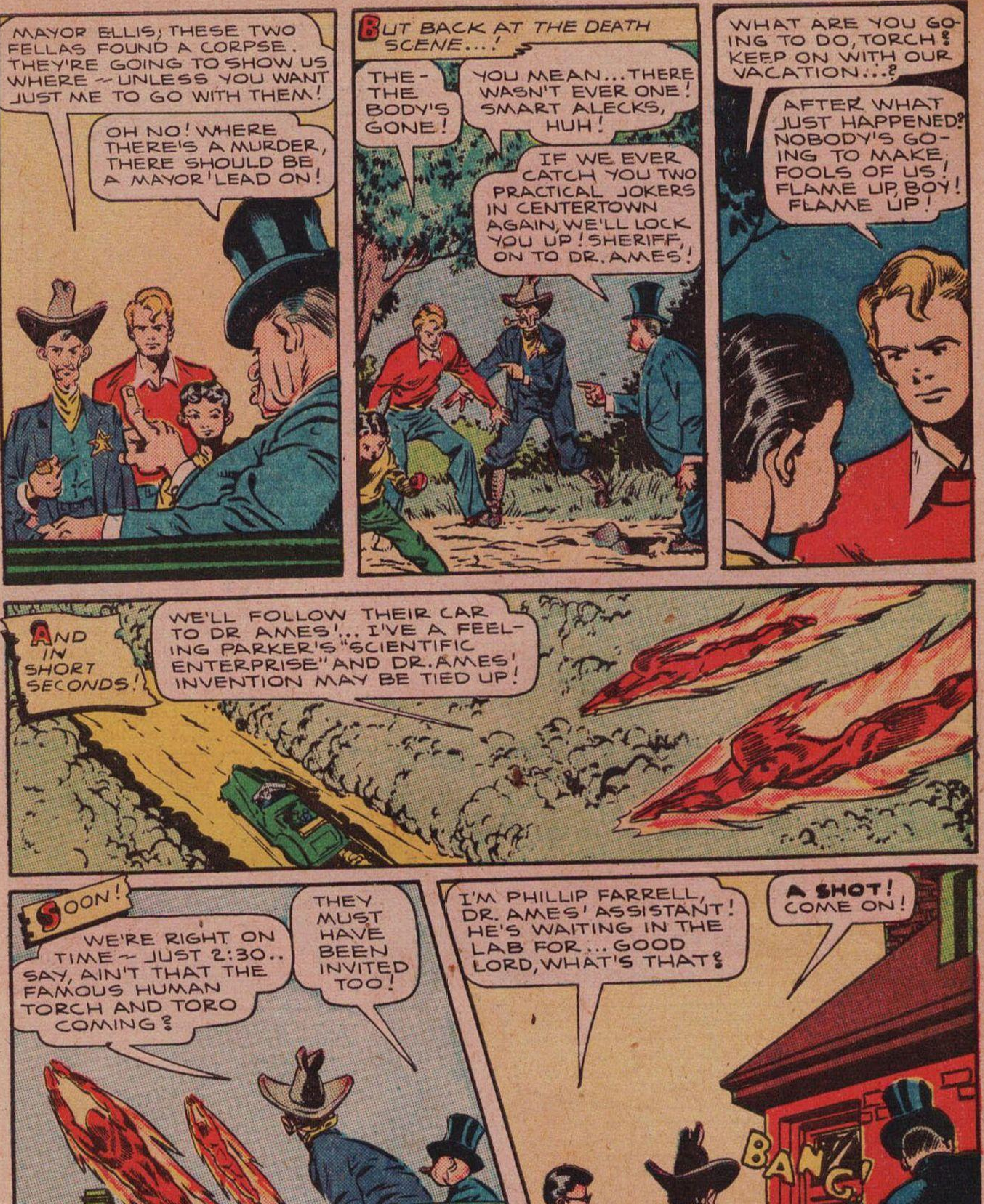
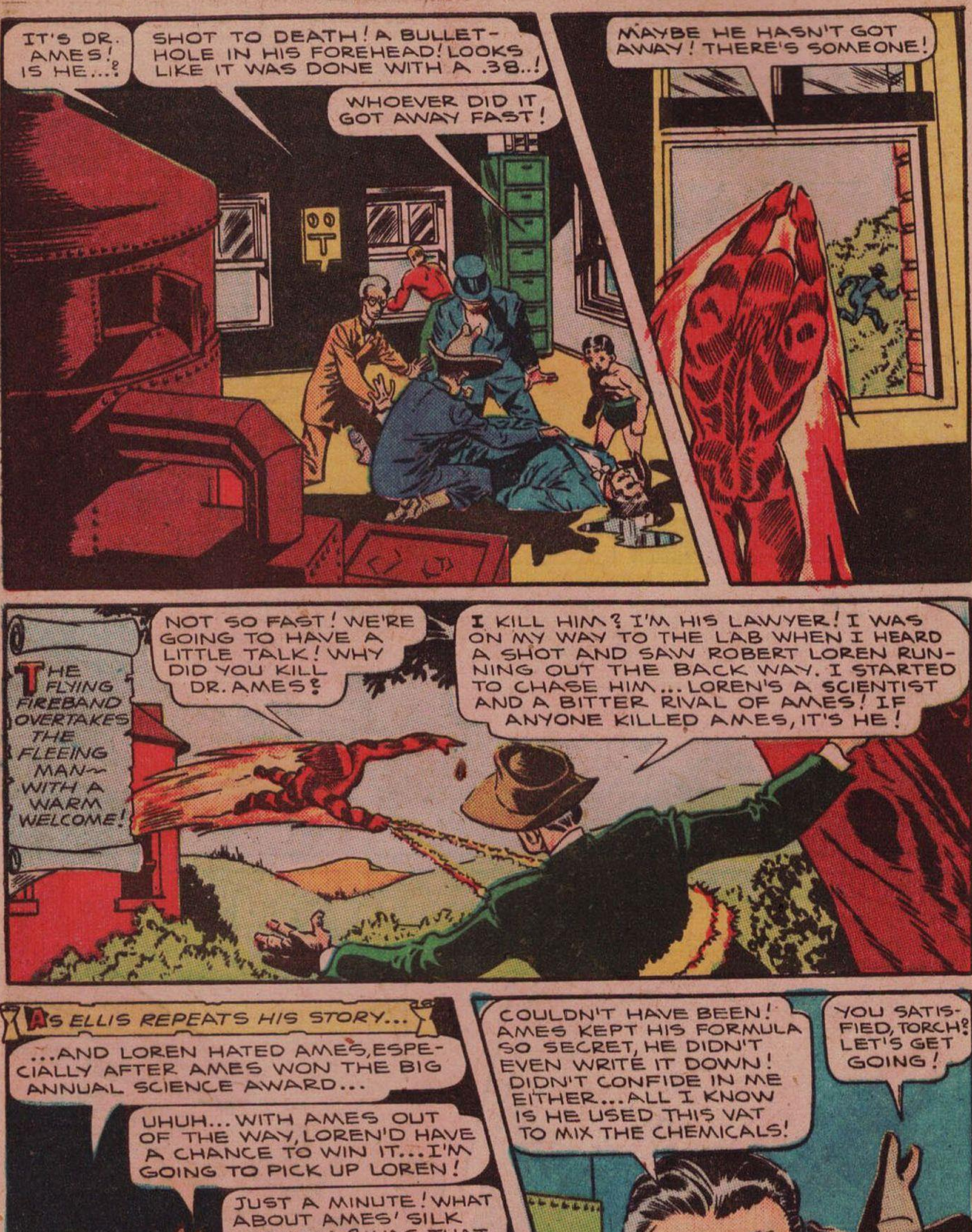
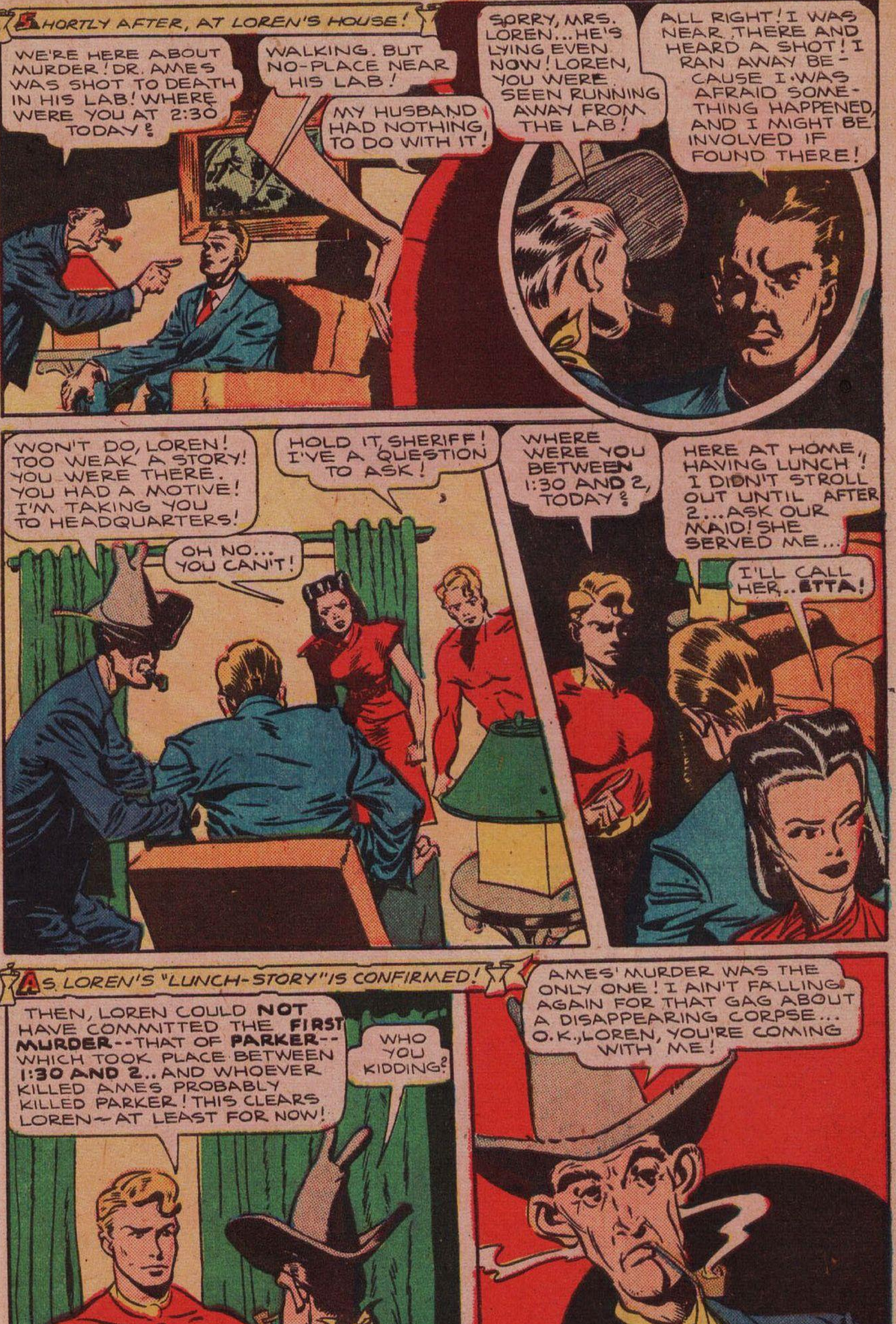
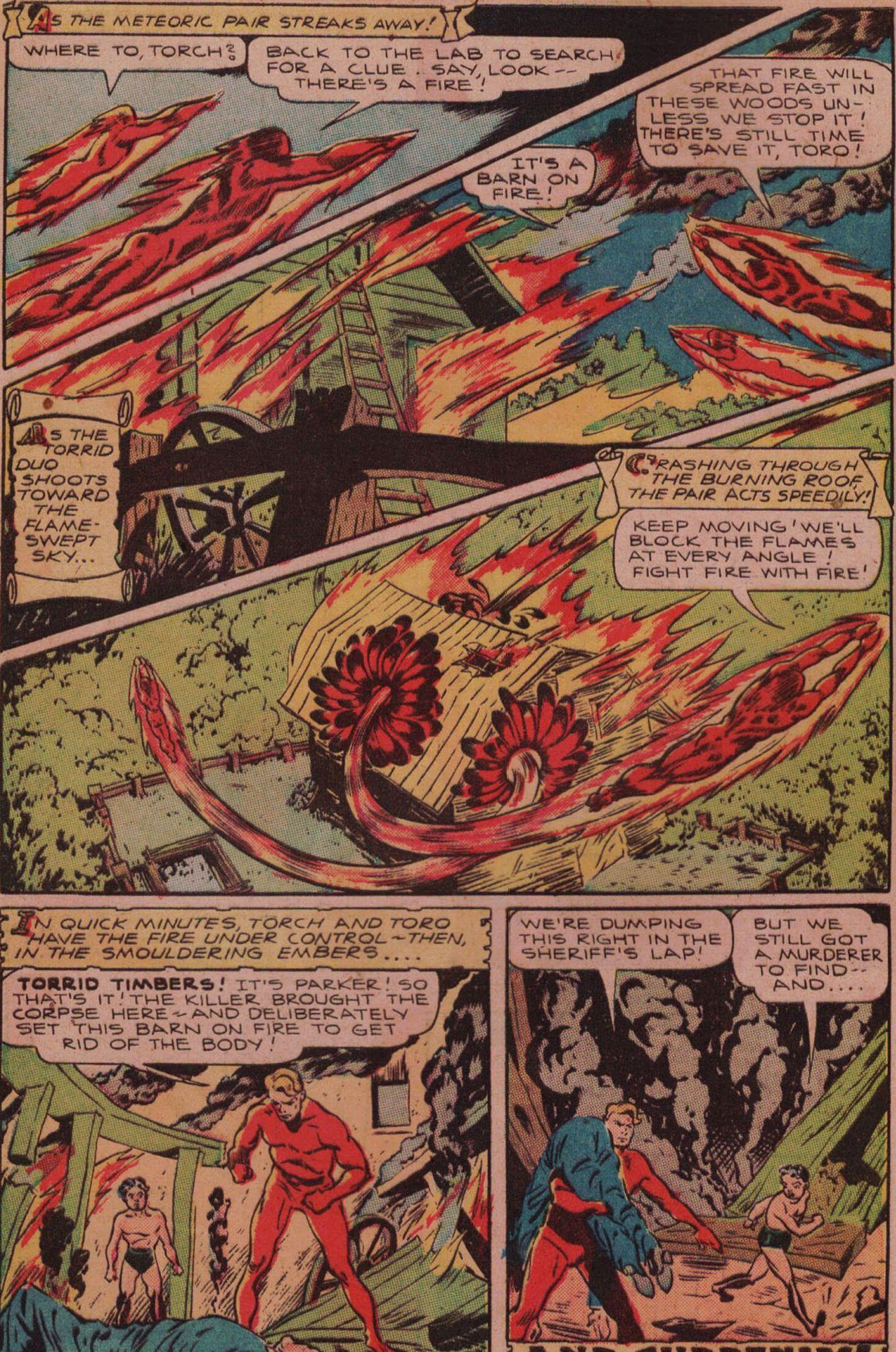
THE HUMAN TORCH
RECIPE
A DISAPPEARING CORPSE.. ADD A DASH OF CUNNING SCIENCE.. MIX WITH A KILLER'S WILY WAYS.. STIR WITH BULLETS SPURTING RED-HOT OUT OF A GUN.. GUARANTEED TO PROVIDE **MURDER AND MORE MURDERS**.. AND A THRILLING MYSTERY - AS THAT TORRID TWAIN - TORCH AND TORO TRACK DOWN THE DIABOLICAL KILLER WHO ARRANGED A "**FORMULA FOR** MURDER!"
R-211

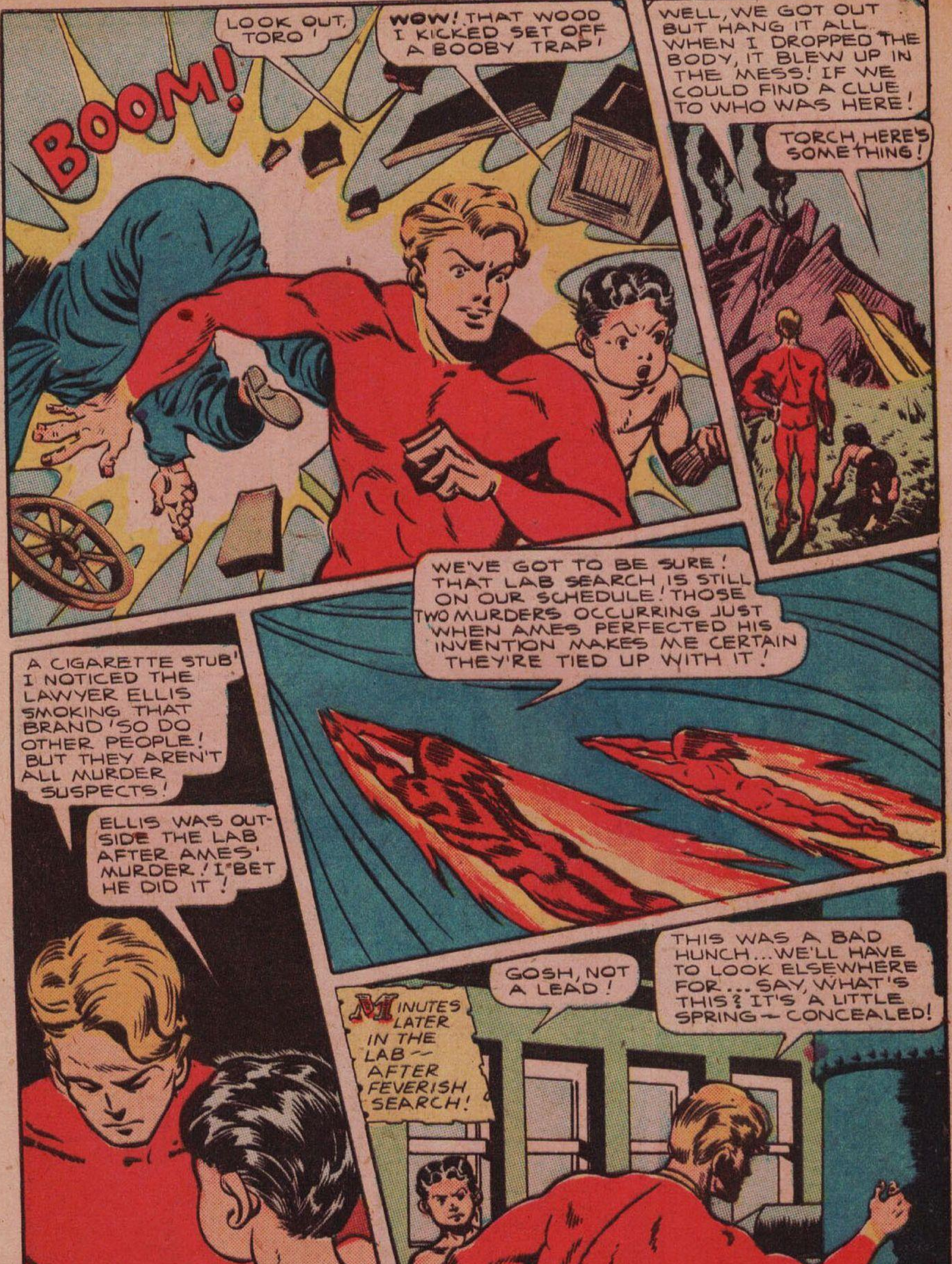
ONE SUNNY DAY—ON A COUNTRY ROAD...
THIS TRIP'S OUR FIRST VACATION IN A LONG TIME. AND I MEAN VACATION. WE'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO MENTION MURDER!
O.K., TORCH.. TORCH! WHAT'S THAT ON THE ROADSIDE?
CENTERTOWN 1 ML
A DEAD MAN! THERE'S A BULLET-HOLE IN HIS SKULL, MADE BY A .38 AND NOT MANY MINUTES AGO. THE BODY'S STILL WARM!
ANY IDENTIFICATION ON HIM?
A SEARCH OF HIS POCKETS PRODUCES A WALLET, AND....
I'LL PUT THESE BACK. WE'LL LEAVE EVERYTHING AS WE FOUND IT, NOTIFY THE CENTERTOWN SHERIFF TO TAKE CHARGE!
THAT MEANS WE WON'T...
R.P.
WE STARTED ON A VACATION, REMEMBER? WE'RE KEEPING IT THAT WAY! WHAT TIME IS IT?
2 O'CLOCK..AND I SURE'D LIKE TO KNOW WHO KILLED PARKER!
SOON AFTER, IN THE OFFICE OF SHERIFF MILES...
MURDER? AIN'T BEEN ONE IN THESE PARTS FOR 10 YEARS. IT WOULD HAPPEN JUST WHEN ME, THE MAYOR, AND SOME OTHER BIG SHOTS ARE ON OUR WAY TO A SCIENTIFIC EXHIBIT!
SCIENTIFIC??
THE MURDERED MAN'S BUSINESS WAS SCIENTIFIC ENTERPRISES!
THIS IS SOMETHING ELSE..DR. AMES, A MIGHTY FINE SCIENTIST--LIVED HERE ALL HIS LIFE, TOO--NOTIFIED US HE'S JUST FINISHED AN INVENTION-- A NEW FORMULA FOR MAKING SILK—AND HE'S INVITED US TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!
SHERIFF, THE MAYOR'S WAITING!
2

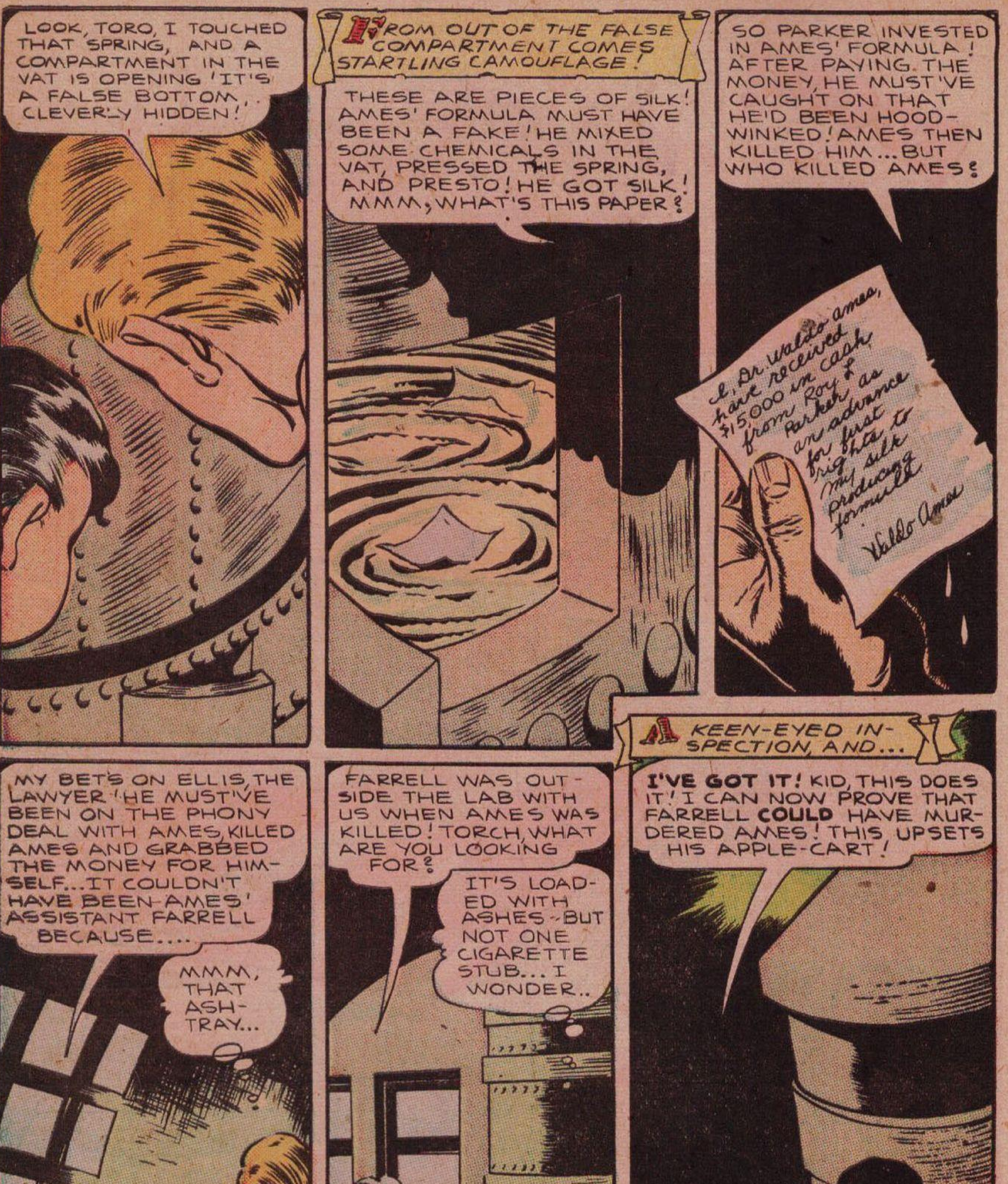

MAYOR ELLIS, THESE TWO FELLAS FOUND A CORPSE. THEY'RE GOING TO SHOW US WHERE -- UNLESS YOU WANT JUST ME TO GO WITH THEM!
OH NO! WHERE THERE'S A MURDER, THERE SHOULD BE A MAYOR! LEAD ON!
BUT BACK AT THE DEATH SCENE...!
THE-THE BODY'S GONE!
YOU MEAN... THERE WASN'T EVER ONE! SMART ALECKS, HUH!
IF WE EVER CATCH YOU TWO PRACTICAL JOKERS IN CENTERTOWN AGAIN, WE'LL LOCK YOU UP! SHERIFF, ON TO DR. AMES!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, TORCH? KEEP ON WITH OUR VACATION...?
AFTER WHAT JUST HAPPENED? NOBODY'S GOING TO MAKE FOOLS OF US! FLAME UP, BOY! FLAME UP!
AND IN SHORT SECONDS!
WE'LL FOLLOW THEIR CAR TO DR AMES'!... I'VE A FEELING PARKER'S "SCIENTIFIC ENTERPRISE" AND DR. AMES' INVENTION MAY BE TIED UP!
SOON!
WE'RE RIGHT ON TIME -- JUST 2:30.. SAY, AIN'T THAT THE FAMOUS HUMAN TORCH AND TORO COMING?
THEY MUST HAVE BEEN INVITED TOO!
I'M PHILLIP FARRELL, DR. AMES' ASSISTANT! HE'S WAITING IN THE LAB FOR... GOOD LORD, WHAT'S THAT?
BANG!
A SHOT! COME ON!

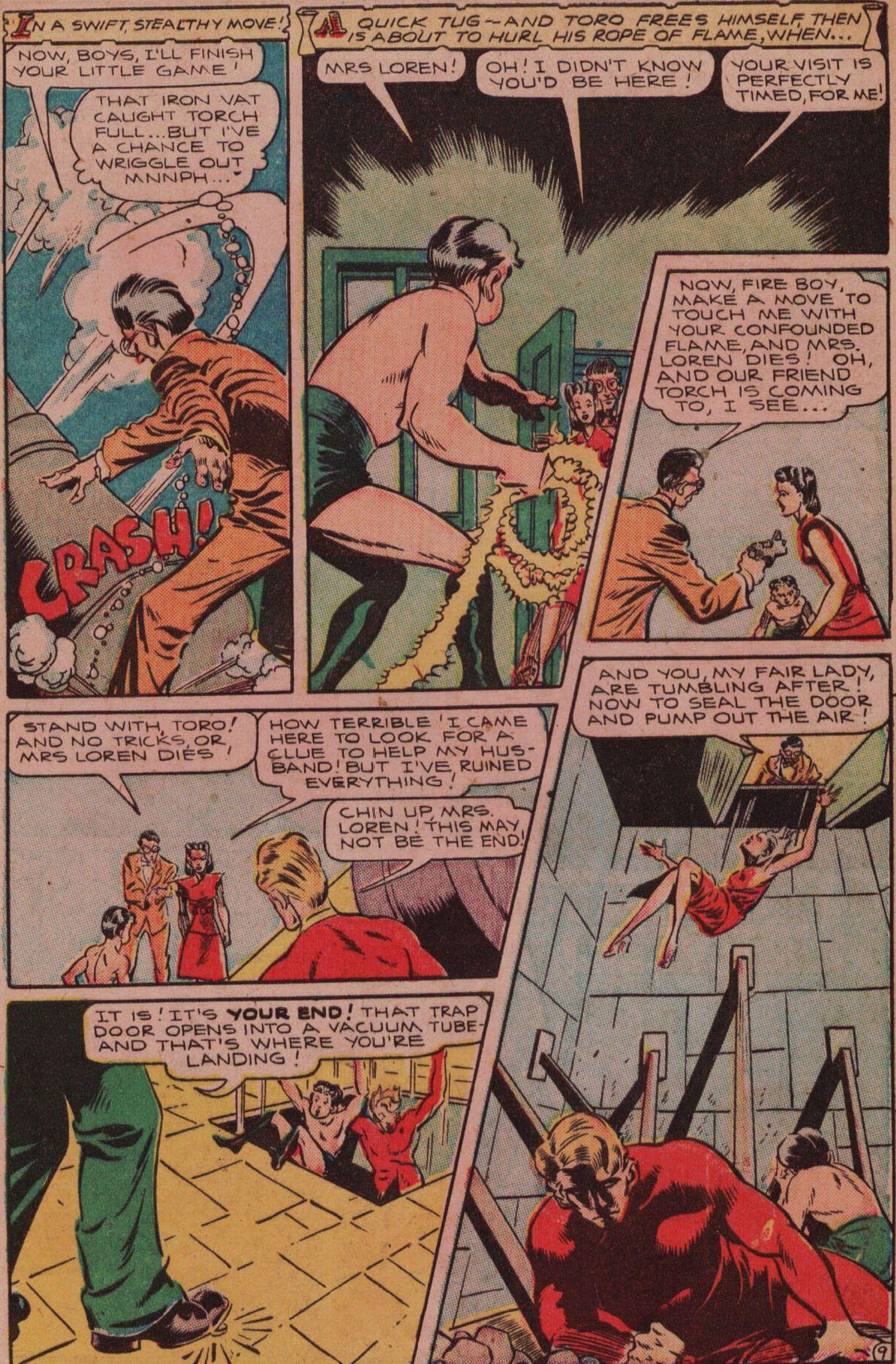

IT'S DR. AMES! IS HE...?
SHOT TO DEATH! A BULLET-HOLE IN HIS FOREHEAD! LOOKS LIKE IT WAS DONE WITH A .38..!
WHOEVER DID IT GOT AWAY FAST!
MAYBE HE HASN'T GOT AWAY! THERE'S SOMEONE!
THE FLYING FIREBAND OVERTAKES THE FLEEING MAN— WITH A WARM WELCOME!
NOT SO FAST! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK! WHY DID YOU KILL DR. AMES?
I KILL HIM? I'M HIS LAWYER! I WAS ON MY WAY TO THE LAB WHEN I HEARD A SHOT AND SAW ROBERT LOREN RUNNING OUT THE BACK WAY. I STARTED TO CHASE HIM... LOREN'S A SCIENTIST AND A BITTER RIVAL OF AMES! IF ANYONE KILLED AMES, IT'S HE!
AS ELLIS REPEATS HIS STORY...
...AND LOREN HATED AMES, ESPECIALLY AFTER AMES WON THE BIG ANNUAL SCIENCE AWARD...
UHUH... WITH AMES OUT OF THE WAY, LOREN'D HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN IT... I'M GOING TO PICK UP LOREN!
JUST A MINUTE! WHAT ABOUT AMES' SILK FORMULA? WAS THAT STOLEN WHEN HE WAS KILLED?
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN! AMES KEPT HIS FORMULA SO SECRET, HE DIDN'T EVEN WRITE IT DOWN! DIDN'T CONFIDE IN ME EITHER... ALL I KNOW IS HE USED THIS VAT TO MIX THE CHEMICALS!
YOU SATISFIED, TORCH? LET'S GET GOING!
4

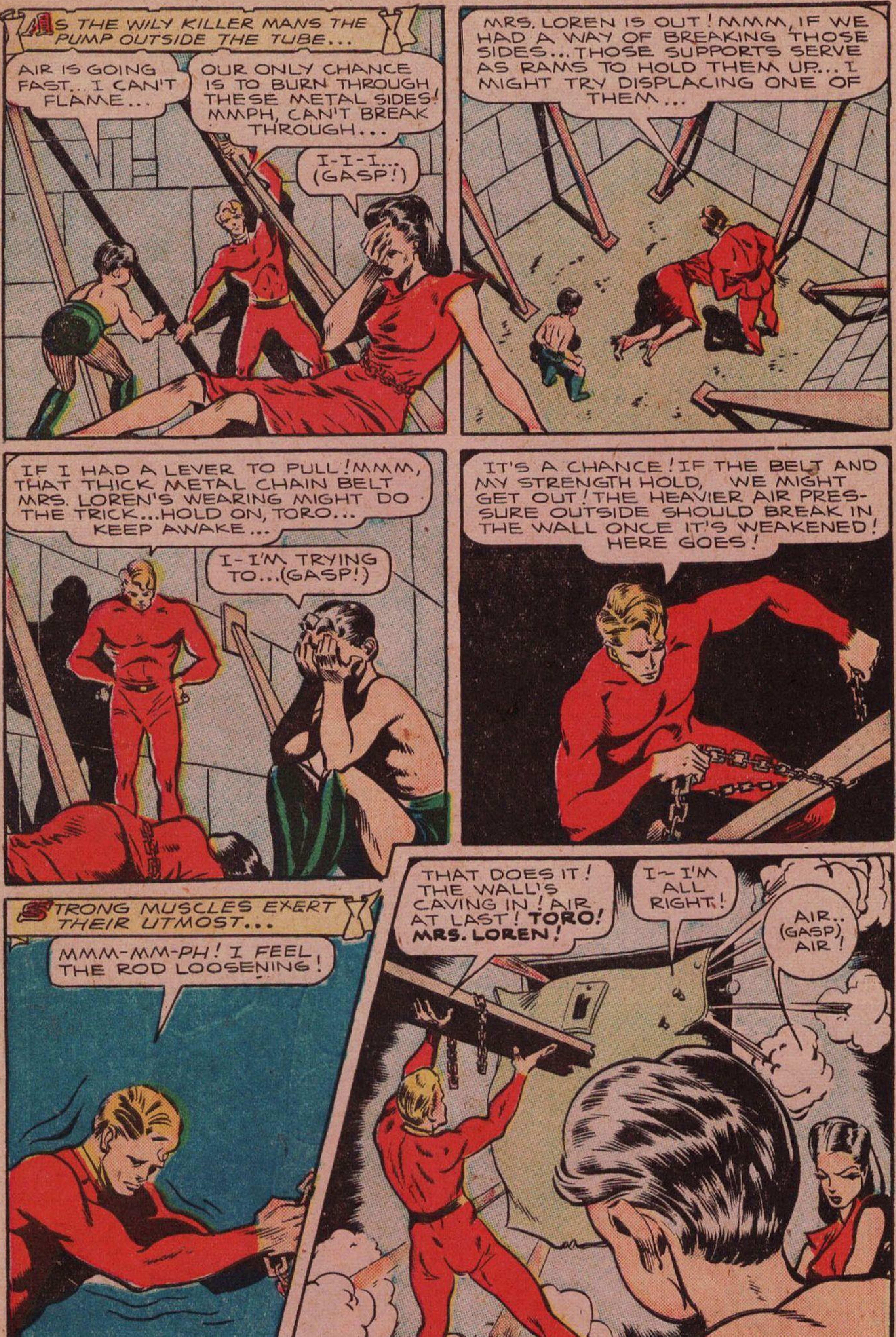

SHORTLY AFTER, AT LOREN'S HOUSE!
WE'RE HERE ABOUT MURDER! DR. AMES WAS SHOT TO DEATH IN HIS LAB! WHERE WERE YOU AT 2:30 TODAY?
WALKING. BUT NO-PLACE NEAR HIS LAB!
MY HUSBAND HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!
SORRY, MRS. LOREN... HE'S LYING EVEN NOW! LOREN, YOU WERE SEEN RUNNING AWAY FROM THE LAB!
ALL RIGHT! I WAS NEAR THERE AND HEARD A SHOT! I RAN AWAY BECAUSE I WAS AFRAID SOMETHING HAPPENED, AND I MIGHT BE INVOLVED IF FOUND THERE!
WON'T DO, LOREN! TOO WEAK A STORY! YOU WERE THERE. YOU HAD A MOTIVE! I'M TAKING YOU TO HEADQUARTERS!
HOLD IT, SHERIFF! I'VE A QUESTION TO ASK!
OH NO... YOU CAN'T!
WHERE WERE YOU BETWEEN 1:30 AND 2, TODAY?
HERE AT HOME HAVING LUNCH! I DIDN'T STROLL OUT UNTIL AFTER 2... ASK OUR MAID! SHE SERVED ME...
I'LL CALL HER... ETTA!
AS LOREN'S "LUNCH-STORY" IS CONFIRMED!
THEN, LOREN COULD NOT HAVE COMMITTED THE FIRST MURDER--THAT OF PARKER--WHICH TOOK PLACE BETWEEN 1:30 AND 2.. AND WHOEVER KILLED AMES PROBABLY KILLED PARKER! THIS CLEARS LOREN—AT LEAST FOR NOW!
WHO YOU KIDDING?
AMES' MURDER WAS THE ONLY ONE! I AIN'T FALLING AGAIN FOR THAT GAG ABOUT A DISAPPEARING CORPSE... O.K., LOREN, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

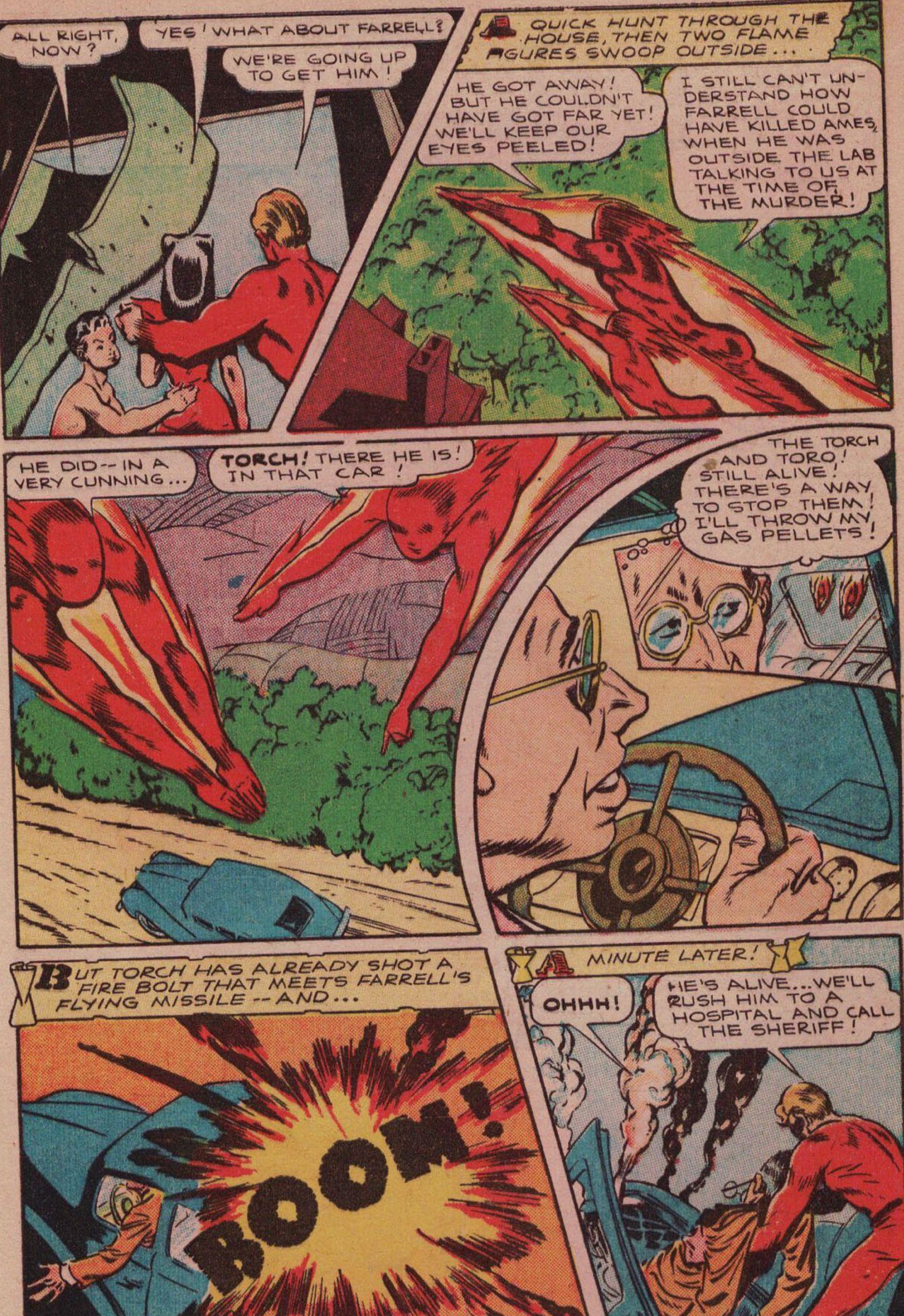

AS THE METEORIC PAIR STREAKS AWAY!
WHERE TO, TORCH?
BACK TO THE LAB TO SEARCH FOR A CLUE.. SAY, LOOK -- THERE'S A FIRE!
THAT FIRE WILL SPREAD FAST IN THESE WOODS UNLESS WE STOP IT! THERE'S STILL TIME TO SAVE IT, TORO!
IT'S A BARN ON FIRE!
AS THE TORRID DUO SHOOTS TOWARD THE FLAME-SWEPT SKY...
CRASHING THROUGH THE BURNING ROOF, THE PAIR ACTS SPEEDILY!
KEEP MOVING! WE'LL BLOCK THE FLAMES AT EVERY ANGLE! FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE!
IN QUICK MINUTES, TORCH AND TORO HAVE THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL -- THEN, IN THE SMOULDERING EMBERS....
TORRID TIMBERS! IT'S PARKER! SO THAT'S IT! THE KILLER BROUGHT THE CORPSE HERE -- AND DELIBERATELY SET THIS BARN ON FIRE TO GET RID OF THE BODY!
WE'RE DUMPING THIS RIGHT IN THE SHERIFF'S LAP!
BUT WE STILL GOT A MURDERER TO FIND -- AND....
AND SUDDENLY!

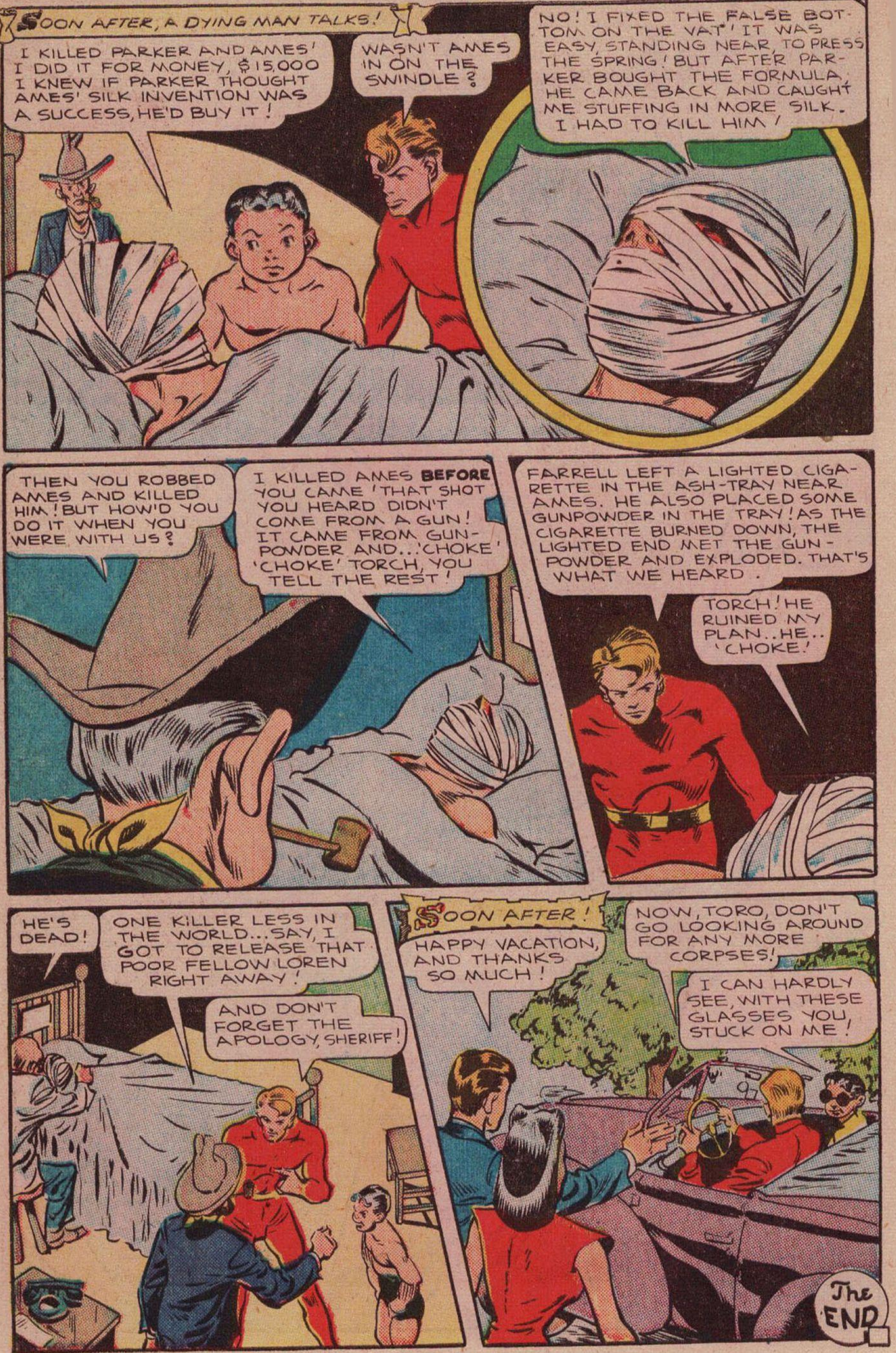

BOOM!
LOOK OUT, TORO!
WOW! THAT WOOD I KICKED SET OFF A BOOBY TRAP!
WELL, WE GOT OUT BUT HANG IT ALL WHEN I DROPPED THE BODY, IT BLEW UP IN THE MESS! IF WE COULD FIND A CLUE TO WHO WAS HERE!
TORCH, HERE'S SOMETHING!
A CIGARETTE STUB! I NOTICED THE LAWYER ELLIS SMOKING THAT BRAND 'SO DO OTHER PEOPLE! BUT THEY AREN'T ALL MURDER SUSPECTS!
ELLIS WAS OUTSIDE THE LAB AFTER AMES' MURDER! I BET HE DID IT!
WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE! THAT LAB SEARCH IS STILL ON OUR SCHEDULE! THOSE TWO MURDERS OCCURRING JUST WHEN AMES PERFECTED HIS INVENTION MAKES ME CERTAIN THEY'RE TIED UP WITH IT!
MINUTES LATER IN THE LAB -- AFTER FEVERISH SEARCH!
GOSH, NOT A LEAD!
THIS WAS A BAD HUNCH... WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR... SAY, WHAT'S THIS? IT'S A LITTLE SPRING -- CONCEALED!

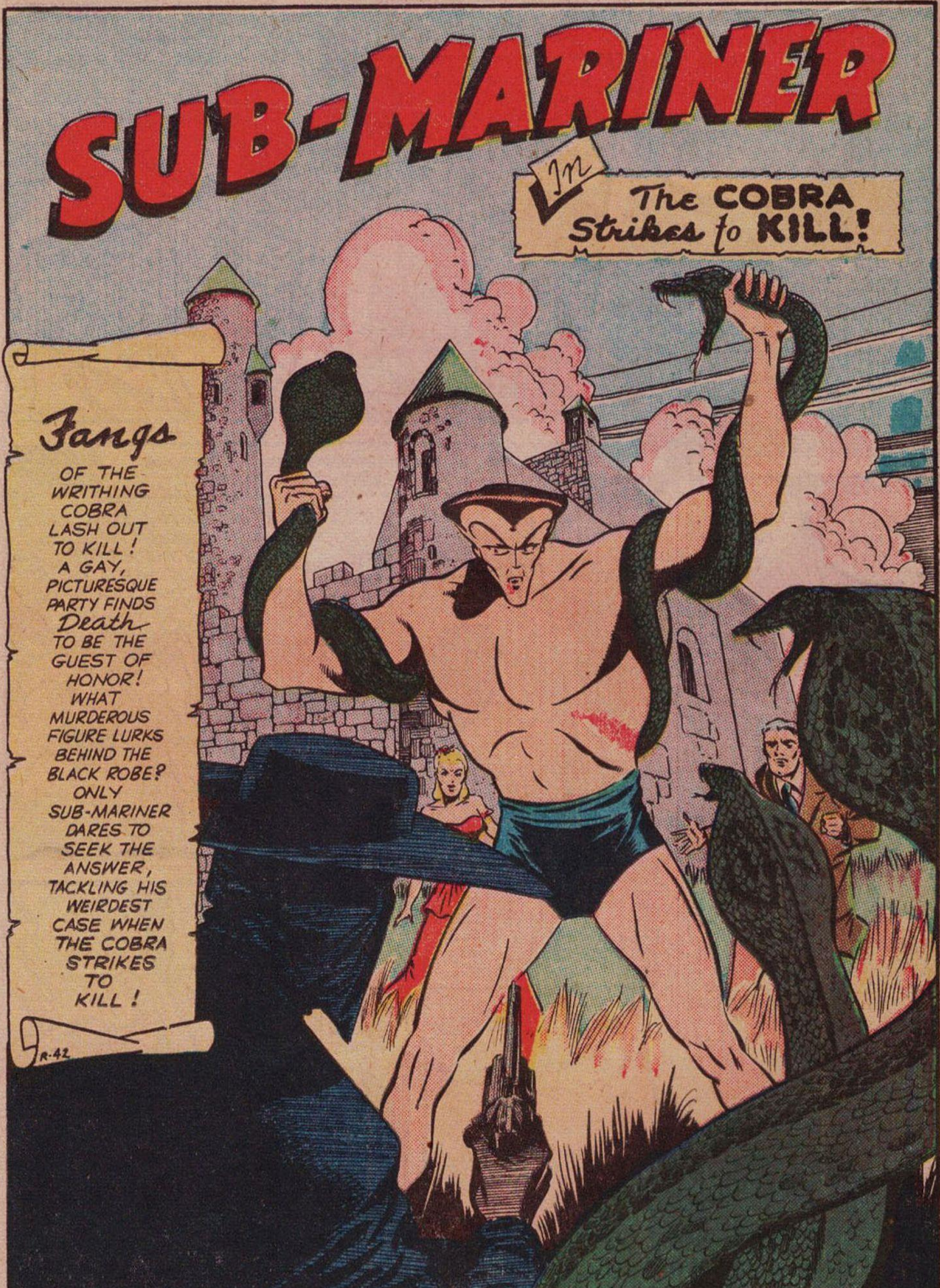

LOOK, TORO, I TOUCHED THAT SPRING, AND A COMPARTMENT IN THE VAT IS OPENING! IT'S A FALSE BOTTOM, CLEVERLY HIDDEN!
FROM OUT OF THE FALSE COMPARTMENT COMES STARTLING CAMOUFLAGE!
THESE ARE PIECES OF SILK! AMES' FORMULA MUST HAVE BEEN A FAKE! HE MIXED SOME CHEMICALS IN THE VAT, PRESSED THE SPRING, AND PRESTO! HE GOT SILK! MMM, WHAT'S THIS PAPER?
SO PARKER INVESTED IN AMES' FORMULA! AFTER PAYING THE MONEY, HE MUST'VE CAUGHT ON THAT HE'D BEEN HOODWINKED! AMES THEN KILLED HIM... BUT WHO KILLED AMES?
I, Dr. Waldo Ames, have received $15,000 in cash from Roy L. Parker as an advance for first rights to my silk producing formula
Waldo Ames
MY BET'S ON ELLIS, THE LAWYER! HE MUST'VE BEEN ON THE PHONY DEAL WITH AMES, KILLED AMES AND GRABBED THE MONEY FOR HIMSELF... IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AMES' ASSISTANT FARRELL BECAUSE....
MMM, THAT ASH-TRAY...
FARRELL WAS OUTSIDE THE LAB WITH US WHEN AMES WAS KILLED! TORCH, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?
IT'S LOADED WITH ASHES - BUT NOT ONE CIGARETTE STUB... I WONDER..
A KEEN-EYED INSPECTION, AND...
I'VE GOT IT! KID, THIS DOES IT! I CAN NOW PROVE THAT FARRELL COULD HAVE MURDERED AMES! THIS UPSETS HIS APPLE-CART!
SOMETHING'S GOING TO UPSET HIM FIRST!

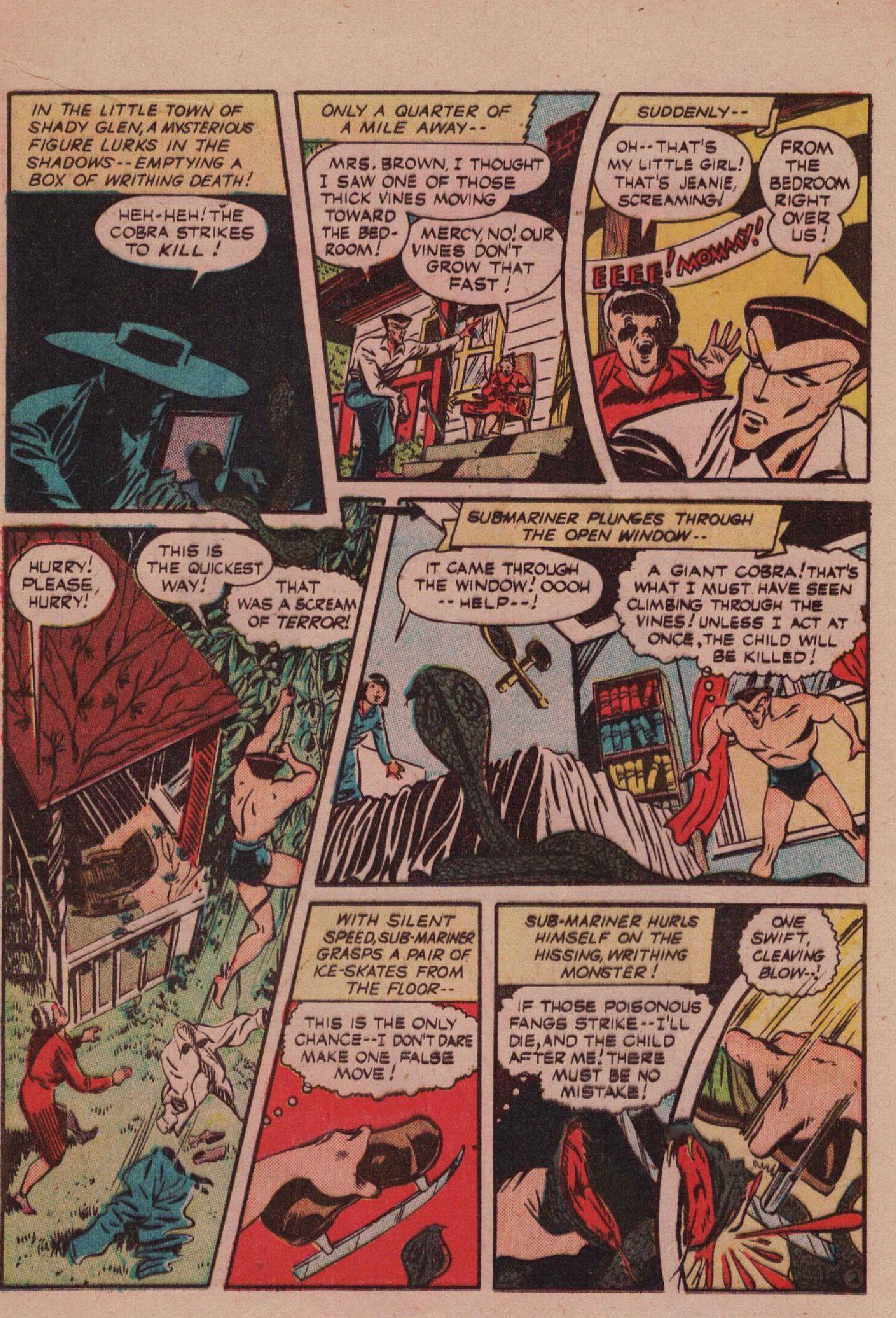

IN A SWIFT, STEALTHY MOVE!
NOW, BOYS, I'LL FINISH YOUR LITTLE GAME!
THAT IRON VAT CAUGHT TORCH FULL...BUT I'VE A CHANCE TO WRIGGLE OUT MNNPH...
CRASH!
A QUICK TUG--AND TORO FREES HIMSELF, THEN IS ABOUT TO HURL HIS ROPE OF FLAME, WHEN...
MRS LOREN!
OH! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D BE HERE!
YOUR VISIT IS PERFECTLY TIMED, FOR ME!
NOW, FIRE BOY, MAKE A MOVE TO TOUCH ME WITH YOUR CONFOUNDED FLAME, AND MRS. LOREN DIES! OH, AND OUR FRIEND TORCH IS COMING TO, I SEE...
STAND WITH, TORO! AND NO TRICKS, OR MRS LOREN DIES!
HOW TERRIBLE! I CAME HERE TO LOOK FOR A CLUE TO HELP MY HUSBAND! BUT I'VE RUINED EVERYTHING!
CHIN UP MRS. LOREN! THIS MAY NOT BE THE END!
AND YOU, MY FAIR LADY, ARE TUMBLING AFTER! NOW TO SEAL THE DOOR AND PUMP OUT THE AIR!
IT IS! IT'S YOUR END! THAT TRAP DOOR OPENS INTO A VACUUM TUBE AND THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE LANDING!

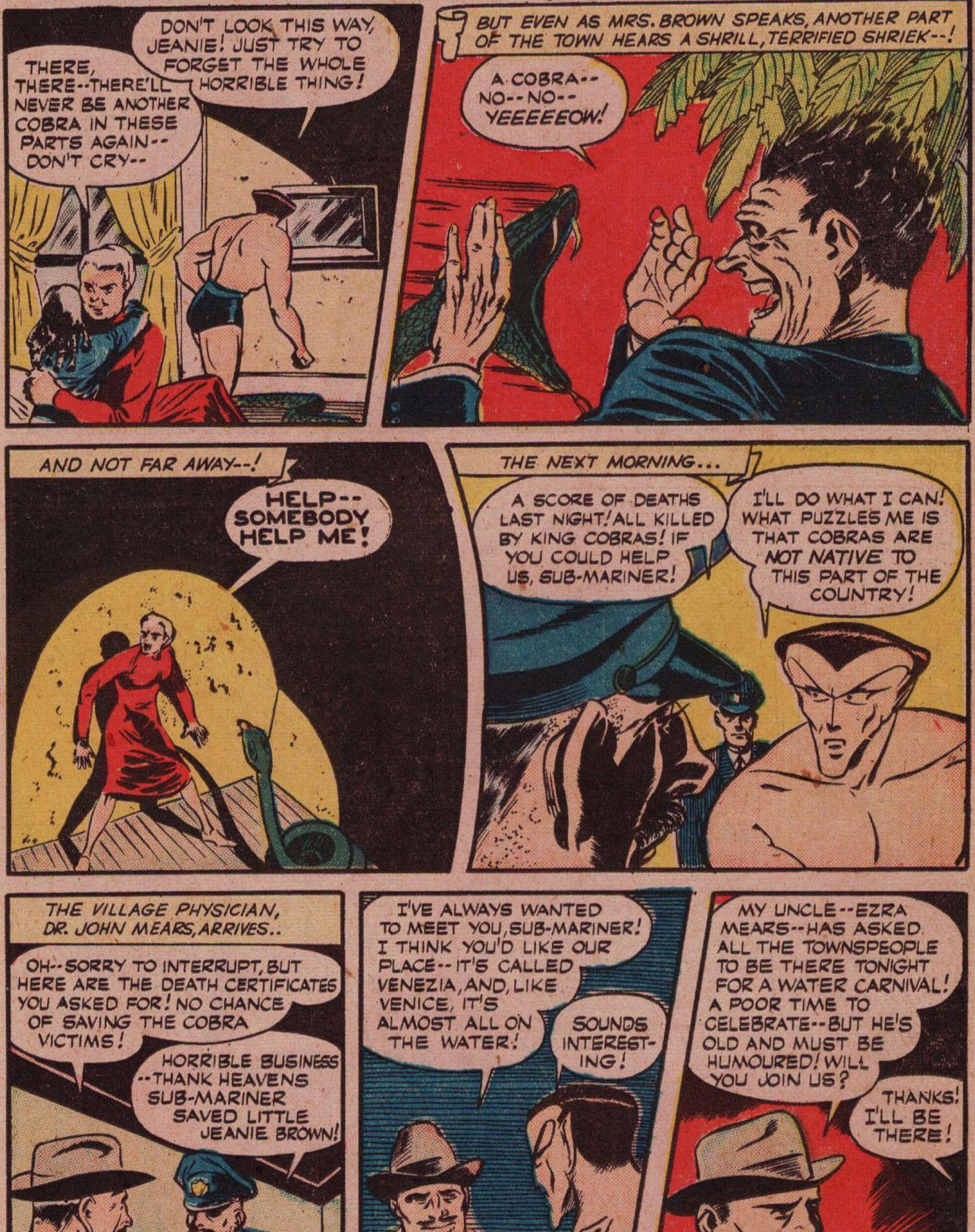

AS THE WILY KILLER MANS THE PUMP OUTSIDE THE TUBE...
AIR IS GOING FAST... I CAN'T FLAME...
OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO BURN THROUGH THESE METAL SIDES! MMPH, CAN'T BREAK THROUGH...
I-I-I... (GASP!)
MRS. LOREN IS OUT! MMM, IF WE HAD A WAY OF BREAKING THOSE SIDES... THOSE SUPPORTS SERVE AS RAMS TO HOLD THEM UP... I MIGHT TRY DISPLACING ONE OF THEM...
IF I HAD A LEVER TO PULL! MMM, THAT THICK METAL CHAIN BELT MRS. LOREN'S WEARING MIGHT DO THE TRICK...HOLD ON, TORO... KEEP AWAKE...
I-I'M TRYING TO...(GASP!)
IT'S A CHANCE! IF THE BELT AND MY STRENGTH HOLD, WE MIGHT GET OUT! THE HEAVIER AIR PRESSURE OUTSIDE SHOULD BREAK IN THE WALL ONCE IT'S WEAKENED! HERE GOES!
STRONG MUSCLES EXERT THEIR UTMOST...
MMM-MM-PH! I FEEL THE ROD LOOSENING!
THAT DOES IT! THE WALL'S CAVING IN! AIR AT LAST! TORO! MRS. LOREN!
I- I'M ALL RIGHT!
AIR.. (GASP) AIR!

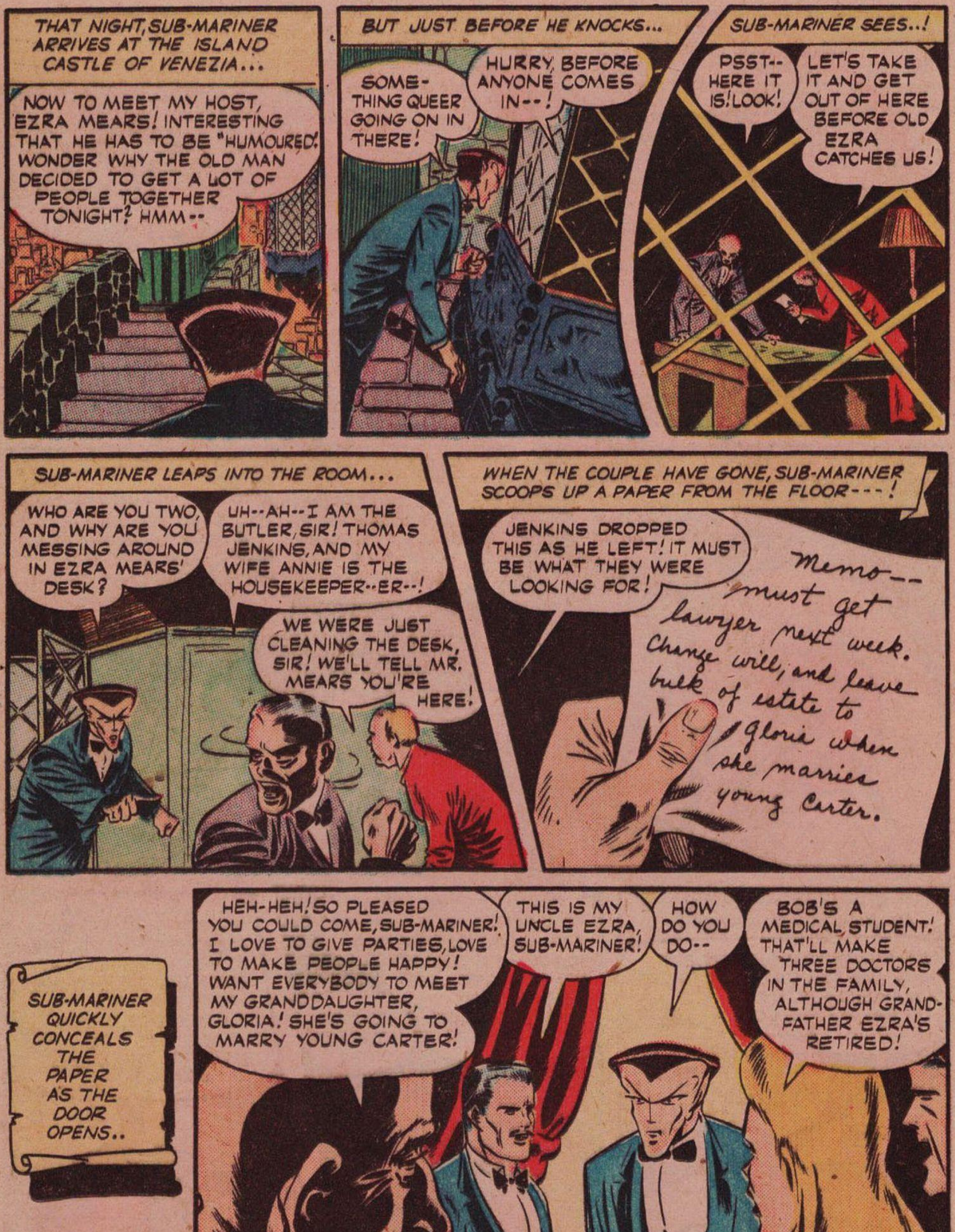

ALL RIGHT, NOW?
YES! WHAT ABOUT FARRELL?
WE'RE GOING UP TO GET HIM!
A QUICK HUNT THROUGH THE HOUSE, THEN TWO FLAME FIGURES SWOOP OUTSIDE...
HE GOT AWAY! BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE GOT FAR YET! WE'LL KEEP OUR EYES PEELED!
I STILL CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW FARRELL COULD HAVE KILLED AMES, WHEN HE WAS OUTSIDE THE LAB TALKING TO US AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER!
HE DID--IN A VERY CUNNING...
TORCH! THERE HE IS! IN THAT CAR!
THE TORCH AND TORO! STILL ALIVE! THERE'S A WAY TO STOP THEM! I'LL THROW MY GAS PELLETS!
BUT TORCH HAS ALREADY SHOT A FIRE BOLT THAT MEETS FARRELL'S FLYING MISSILE--AND...
BOOM!
A MINUTE LATER!
OHHH!
HE'S ALIVE...WE'LL RUSH HIM TO A HOSPITAL AND CALL THE SHERIFF!

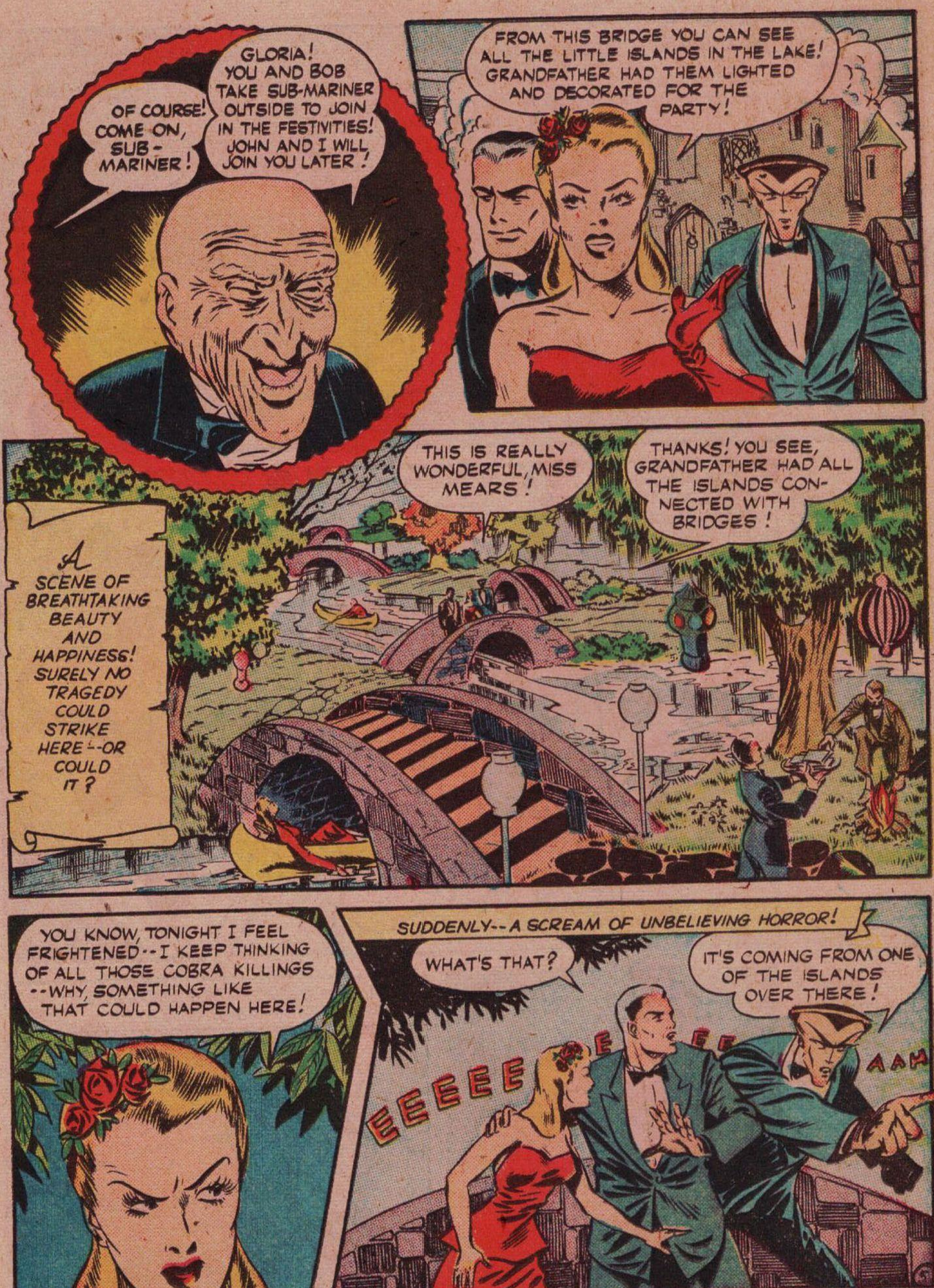

SOON AFTER, A DYING MAN TALKS!
I KILLED PARKER AND AMES! I DID IT FOR MONEY, $15,000 I KNEW IF PARKER THOUGHT AMES' SILK INVENTION WAS A SUCCESS, HE'D BUY IT!
WASN'T AMES IN ON THE SWINDLE?
NO! I FIXED THE FALSE BOTTOM ON THE VAT! IT WAS EASY, STANDING NEAR, TO PRESS THE SPRING! BUT AFTER PARKER BOUGHT THE FORMULA, HE CAME BACK AND CAUGHT ME STUFFING IN MORE SILK. I HAD TO KILL HIM!
THEN YOU ROBBED AMES AND KILLED HIM! BUT HOW'D YOU DO IT WHEN YOU WERE WITH US?
I KILLED AMES BEFORE YOU CAME! THAT SHOT YOU HEARD DIDN'T COME FROM A GUN! IT CAME FROM GUNPOWDER AND...'CHOKE' 'CHOKE' TORCH, YOU TELL THE REST!
FARRELL LEFT A LIGHTED CIGARETTE IN THE ASH-TRAY NEAR AMES. HE ALSO PLACED SOME GUNPOWDER IN THE TRAY! AS THE CIGARETTE BURNED DOWN, THE LIGHTED END MET THE GUNPOWDER AND EXPLODED. THAT'S WHAT WE HEARD.
TORCH! HE RUINED MY PLAN..HE.. 'CHOKE!'
HE'S DEAD!
ONE KILLER LESS IN THE WORLD...SAY, I GOT TO RELEASE THAT POOR FELLOW LOREN RIGHT AWAY!
AND DON'T FORGET THE APOLOGY, SHERIFF!
SOON AFTER!
HAPPY VACATION, AND THANKS SO MUCH!
NOW, TORO, DON'T GO LOOKING AROUND FOR ANY MORE CORPSES!
I CAN HARDLY SEE, WITH THESE GLASSES YOU STUCK ON ME!
The END]

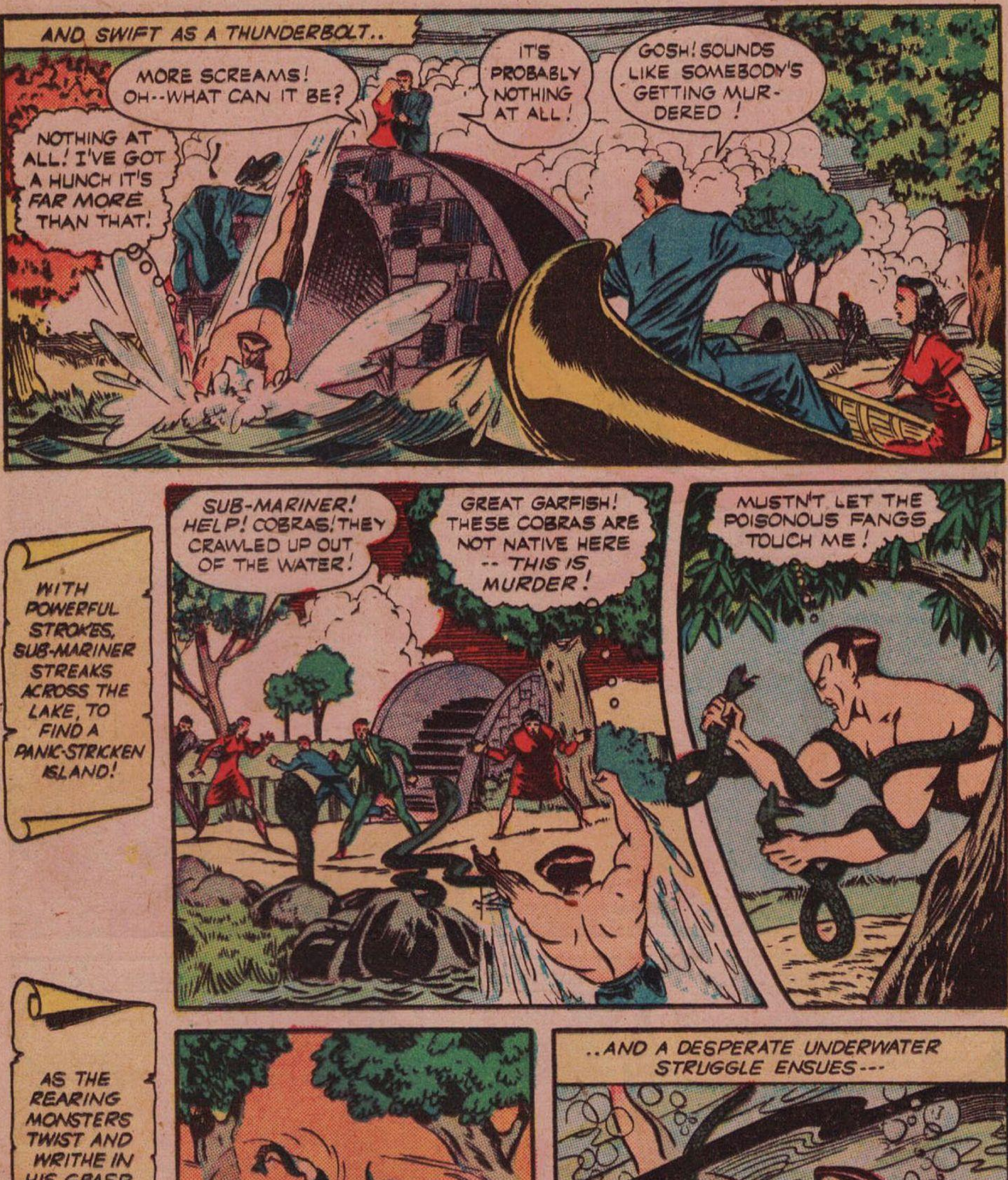

SUB-MARINER
In
The COBRA Strikes to KILL!
Fangs OF THE WRITHING COBRA LASH OUT TO KILL! A GAY, PICTURESQUE PARTY FINDS Death TO BE THE GUEST OF HONOR! WHAT MURDEROUS FIGURE LURKS BEHIND THE BLACK ROBE? ONLY SUB-MARINER DARES TO SEEK THE ANSWER, TACKLING HIS WEIRDEST CASE WHEN THE COBRA STRIKES TO KILL!
R-42

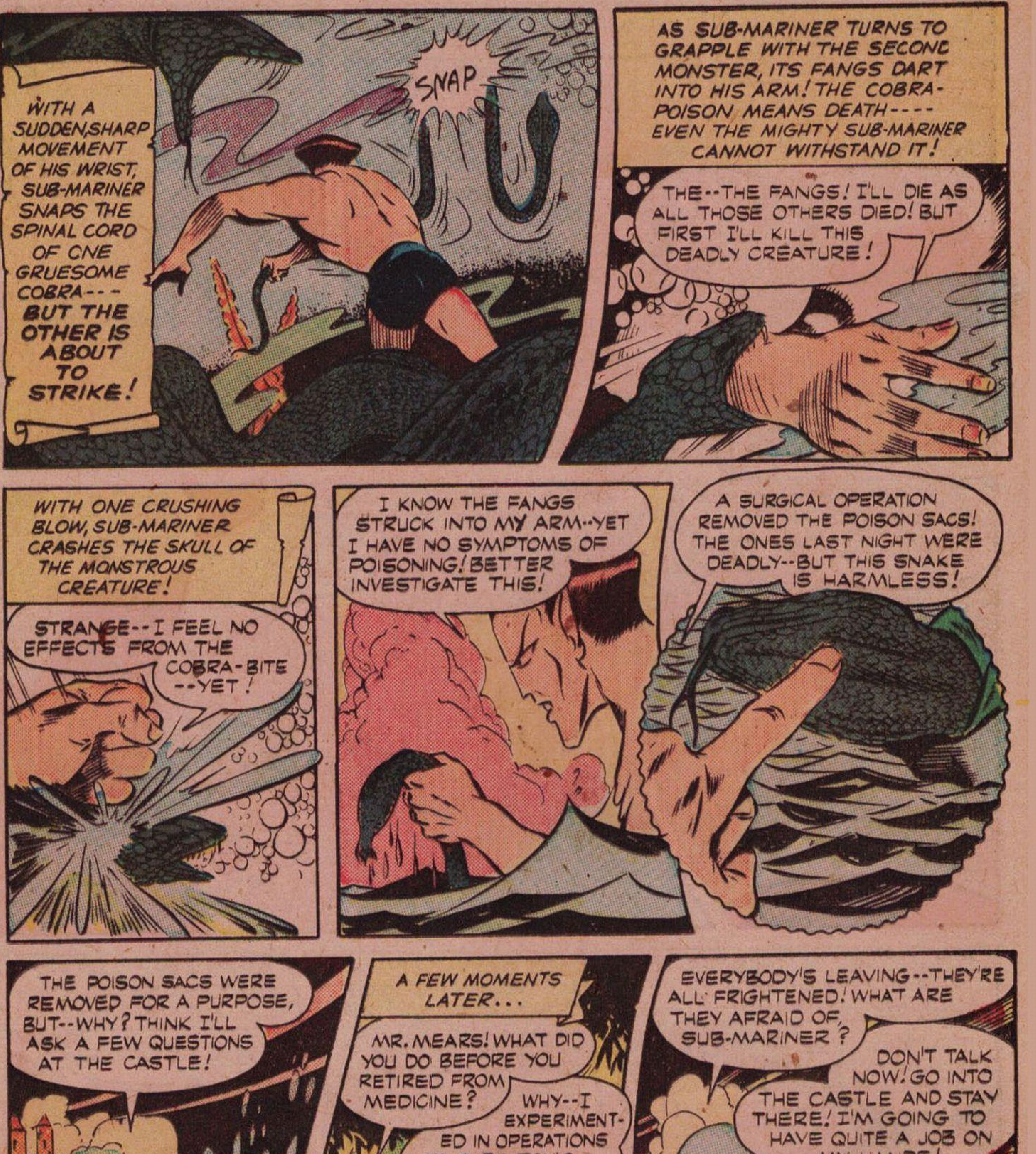

IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF SHADY GLEN, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE LURKS IN THE SHADOWS--EMPTYING A BOX OF WRITHING DEATH!
HEH-HEH! THE COBRA STRIKES TO KILL!
ONLY A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY--
MRS. BROWN, I THOUGHT I SAW ONE OF THOSE THICK VINES MOVING TOWARD THE BED-ROOM!
MERCY, NO! OUR VINES DON'T GROW THAT FAST!
SUDDENLY--
OH--THAT'S MY LITTLE GIRL! THAT'S JEANIE, SCREAMING!
FROM THE BEDROOM RIGHT OVER US!
EEEE! MOMMY!
HURRY! PLEASE, HURRY!
THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY!
THAT WAS A SCREAM OF TERROR!
SUBMARINER PLUNGES THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW--
IT CAME THROUGH THE WINDOW! OOOH --HELP--!
A GIANT COBRA! THAT'S WHAT I MUST HAVE SEEN CLIMBING THROUGH THE VINES! UNLESS I ACT AT ONCE, THE CHILD WILL BE KILLED!
WITH SILENT SPEED, SUB-MARINER GRASPS A PAIR OF ICE-SKATES FROM THE FLOOR--
THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE--I DON'T DARE MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE!
SUB-MARINER HURLS HIMSELF ON THE HISSING, WRITHING MONSTER!
ONE SWIFT, CLEAVING BLOW--!
IF THOSE POISONOUS FANGS STRIKE--I'LL DIE, AND THE CHILD AFTER ME! THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKE!

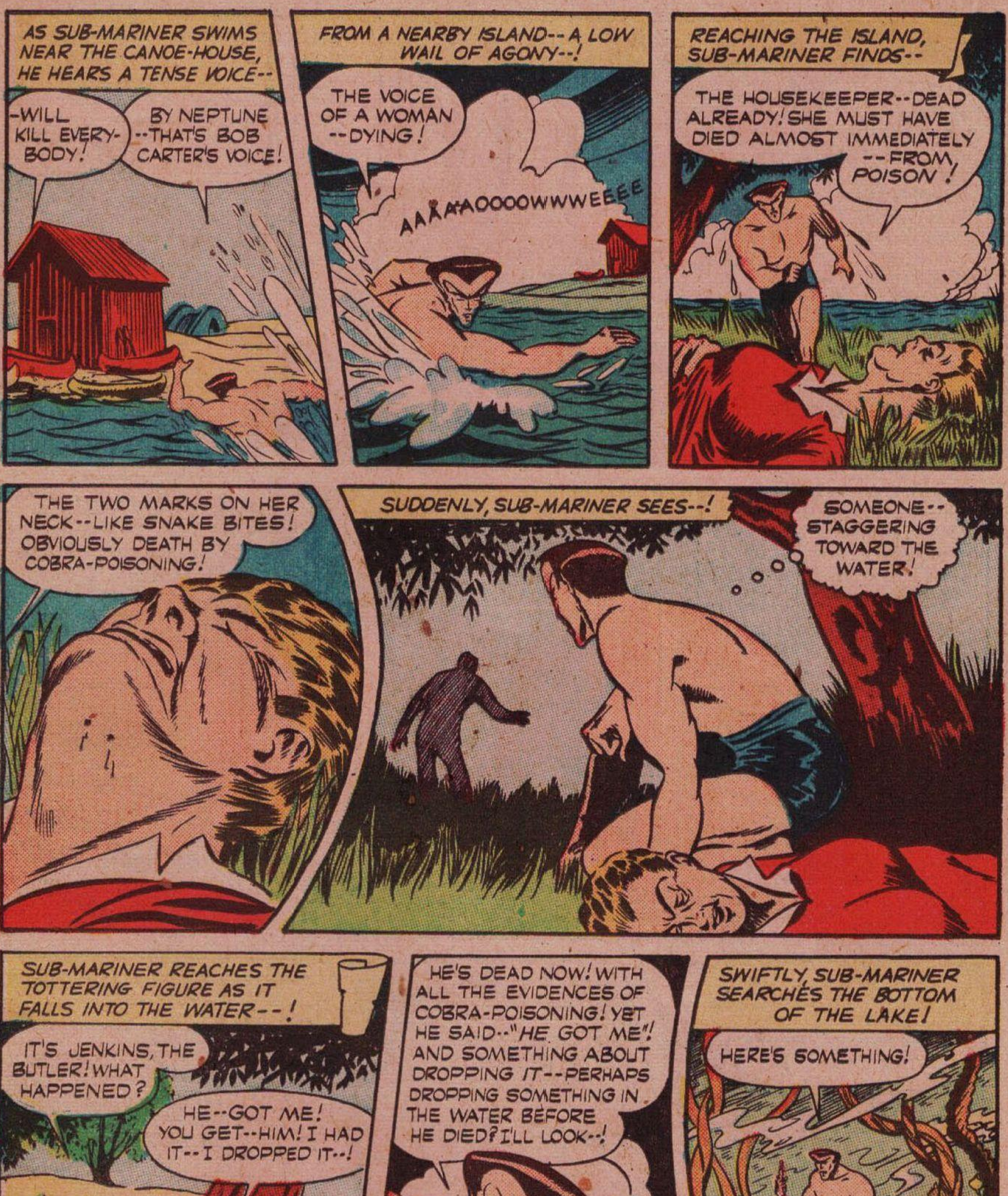

DON'T LOOK THIS WAY, JEANIE! JUST TRY TO FORGET THE WHOLE HORRIBLE THING!
THERE, THERE--THERE'LL NEVER BE ANOTHER COBRA IN THESE PARTS AGAIN--DON'T CRY--
BUT EVEN AS MRS. BROWN SPEAKS, ANOTHER PART OF THE TOWN HEARS A SHRILL, TERRIFIED SHRIEK--!
A COBRA--NO--NO--YEEEEEOW!
AND NOT FAR AWAY--!
HELP--SOMEBODY HELP ME!
THE NEXT MORNING...
A SCORE OF DEATHS LAST NIGHT! ALL KILLED BY KING COBRAS! IF YOU COULD HELP US, SUB-MARINER!
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN! WHAT PUZZLES ME IS THAT COBRAS ARE NOT NATIVE TO THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY!
THE VILLAGE PHYSICIAN, DR. JOHN MEARS, ARRIVES..
OH--SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT HERE ARE THE DEATH CERTIFICATES YOU ASKED FOR! NO CHANCE OF SAVING THE COBRA VICTIMS!
HORRIBLE BUSINESS--THANK HEAVENS SUB-MARINER SAVED LITTLE JEANIE BROWN!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET YOU, SUB-MARINER! I THINK YOU'D LIKE OUR PLACE--IT'S CALLED VENEZIA, AND, LIKE VENICE, IT'S ALMOST ALL ON THE WATER!
SOUNDS INTERESTING!
MY UNCLE--EZRA MEARS--HAS ASKED ALL THE TOWNSPEOPLE TO BE THERE TONIGHT FOR A WATER CARNIVAL! A POOR TIME TO CELEBRATE--BUT HE'S OLD AND MUST BE HUMOURED! WILL YOU JOIN US?
THANKS! I'LL BE THERE!

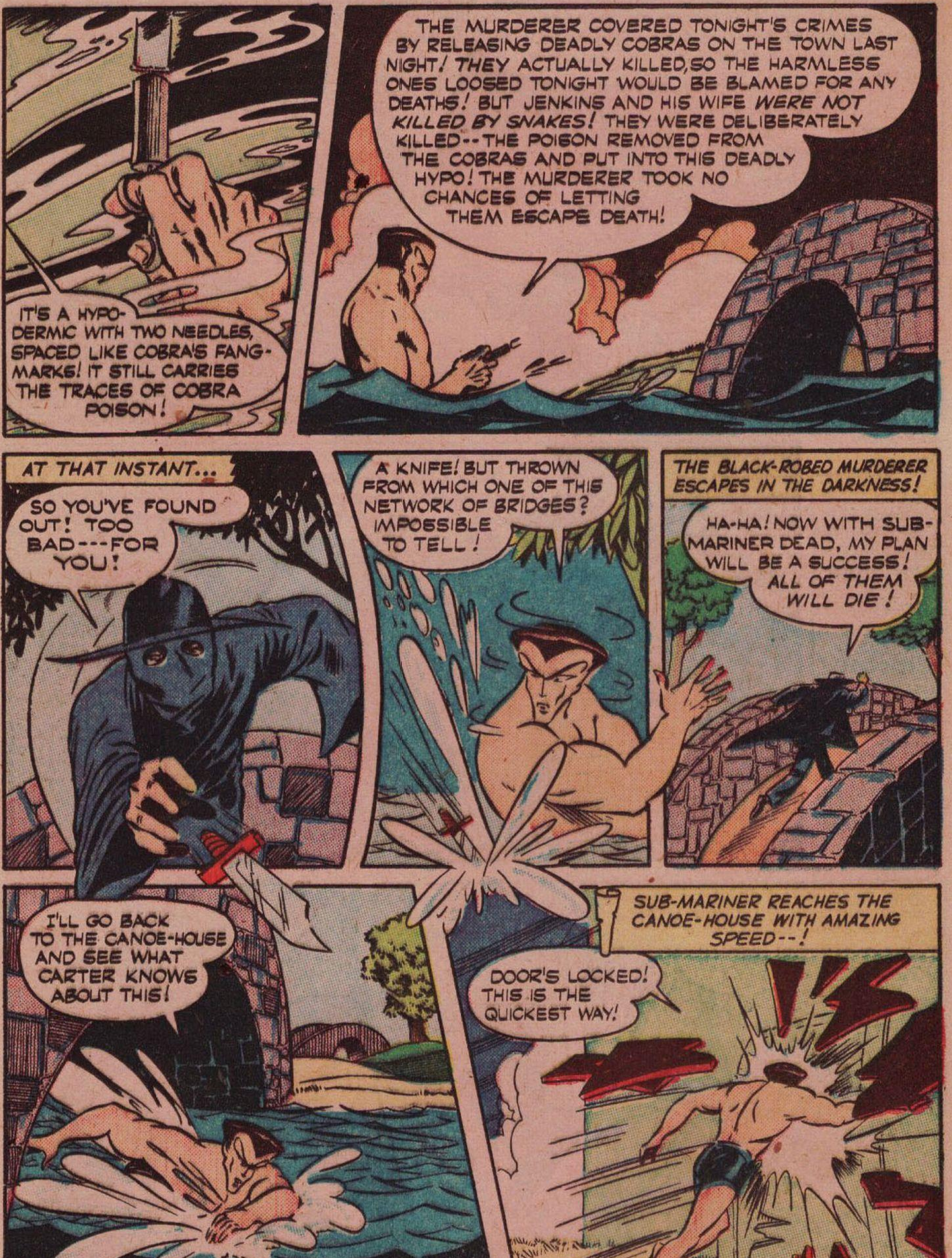

THAT NIGHT, SUB-MARINER ARRIVES AT THE ISLAND CASTLE OF VENEZIA...
NOW TO MEET MY HOST, EZRA MEARS! INTERESTING THAT HE HAS TO BE "HUMOURED". WONDER WHY THE OLD MAN DECIDED TO GET A LOT OF PEOPLE TOGETHER TONIGHT? HMM--
BUT JUST BEFORE HE KNOCKS...
SOMETHING QUEER GOING ON IN THERE!
HURRY, BEFORE ANYONE COMES IN--!
SUB-MARINER SEES..!
PSST-- HERE IT IS! LOOK!
LET'S TAKE IT AND GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE OLD EZRA CATCHES US!
SUB-MARINER LEAPS INTO THE ROOM...
WHO ARE YOU TWO, AND WHY ARE YOU MESSING AROUND IN EZRA MEARS' DESK?
UH--AH--I AM THE BUTLER, SIR! THOMAS JENKINS, AND MY WIFE ANNIE IS THE HOUSEKEEPER--ER--!
WE WERE JUST CLEANING THE DESK, SIR! WE'LL TELL MR. MEARS YOU'RE HERE!
WHEN THE COUPLE HAVE GONE, SUB-MARINER SCOOPS UP A PAPER FROM THE FLOOR---!
JENKINS DROPPED THIS AS HE LEFT! IT MUST BE WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR!
Memo-- must get lawyer next week. Change will, and leave bulk of estate to Gloria when she marries young Carter.
SUB-MARINER QUICKLY CONCEALS THE PAPER AS THE DOOR OPENS..
HEH-HEH! SO PLEASED YOU COULD COME, SUB-MARINER! I LOVE TO GIVE PARTIES, LOVE TO MAKE PEOPLE HAPPY! WANT EVERYBODY TO MEET MY GRANDDAUGHTER, GLORIA! SHE'S GOING TO MARRY YOUNG CARTER!
THIS IS MY UNCLE EZRA, SUB-MARINER!
HOW DO YOU DO--
BOB'S A MEDICAL STUDENT! THAT'LL MAKE THREE DOCTORS IN THE FAMILY, ALTHOUGH GRANDFATHER EZRA'S RETIRED!
4

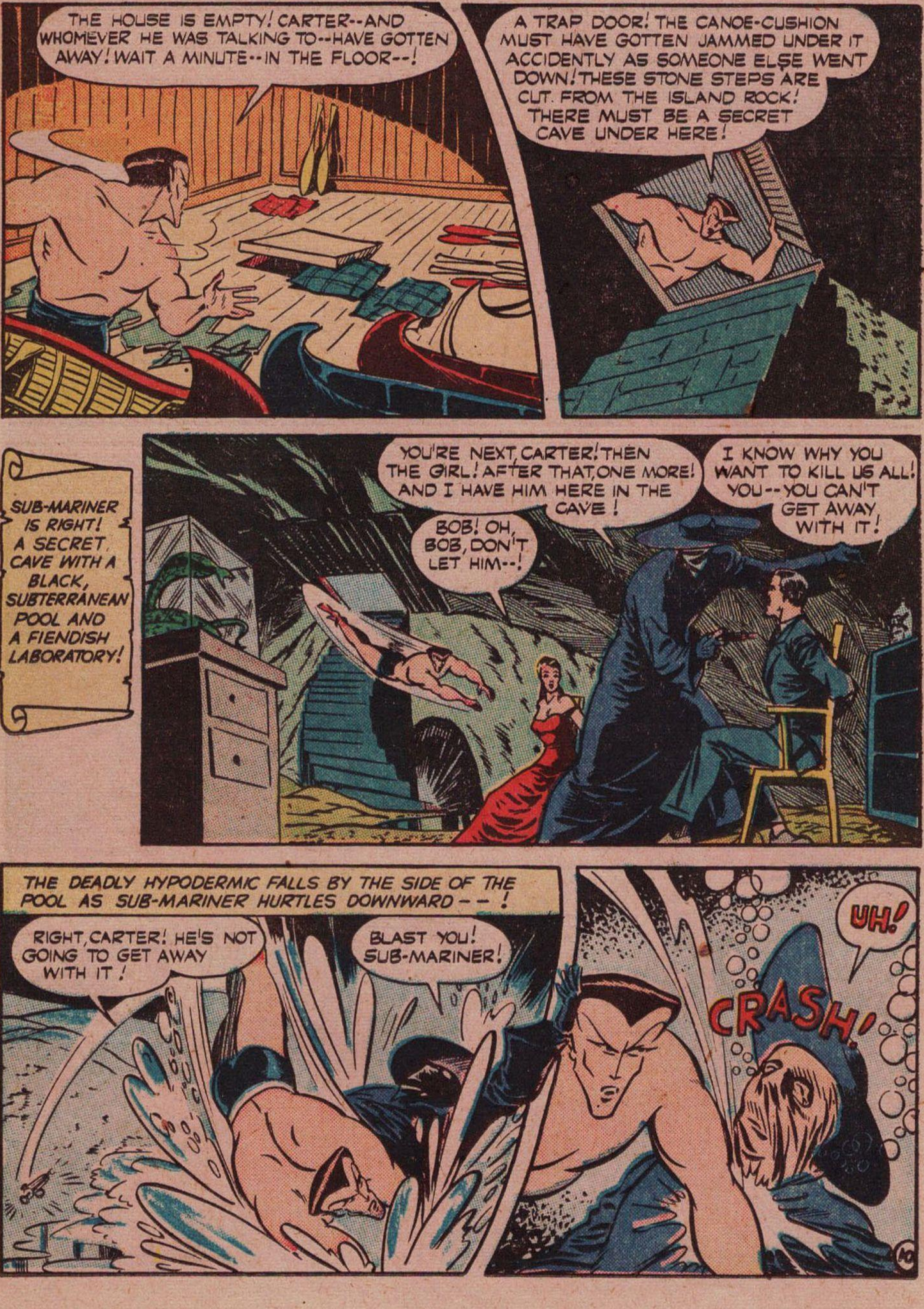

OF COURSE! COME ON, SUB-MARINER!
GLORIA! YOU AND BOB TAKE SUB-MARINER OUTSIDE TO JOIN IN THE FESTIVITIES! JOHN AND I WILL JOIN YOU LATER!
FROM THIS BRIDGE YOU CAN SEE ALL THE LITTLE ISLANDS IN THE LAKE! GRANDFATHER HAD THEM LIGHTED AND DECORATED FOR THE PARTY!
A SCENE OF BREATHTAKING BEAUTY AND HAPPINESS! SURELY NO TRAGEDY COULD STRIKE HERE--OR COULD IT?
THIS IS REALLY WONDERFUL, MISS MEARS!
THANKS! YOU SEE, GRANDFATHER HAD ALL THE ISLANDS CONNECTED WITH BRIDGES!
YOU KNOW, TONIGHT I FEEL FRIGHTENED--I KEEP THINKING OF ALL THOSE COBRA KILLINGS--WHY, SOMETHING LIKE THAT COULD HAPPEN HERE!
SUDDENLY--A SCREAM OF UNBELIEVING HORROR!
WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S COMING FROM ONE OF THE ISLANDS OVER THERE!
EEEEEEEEEEEAAH

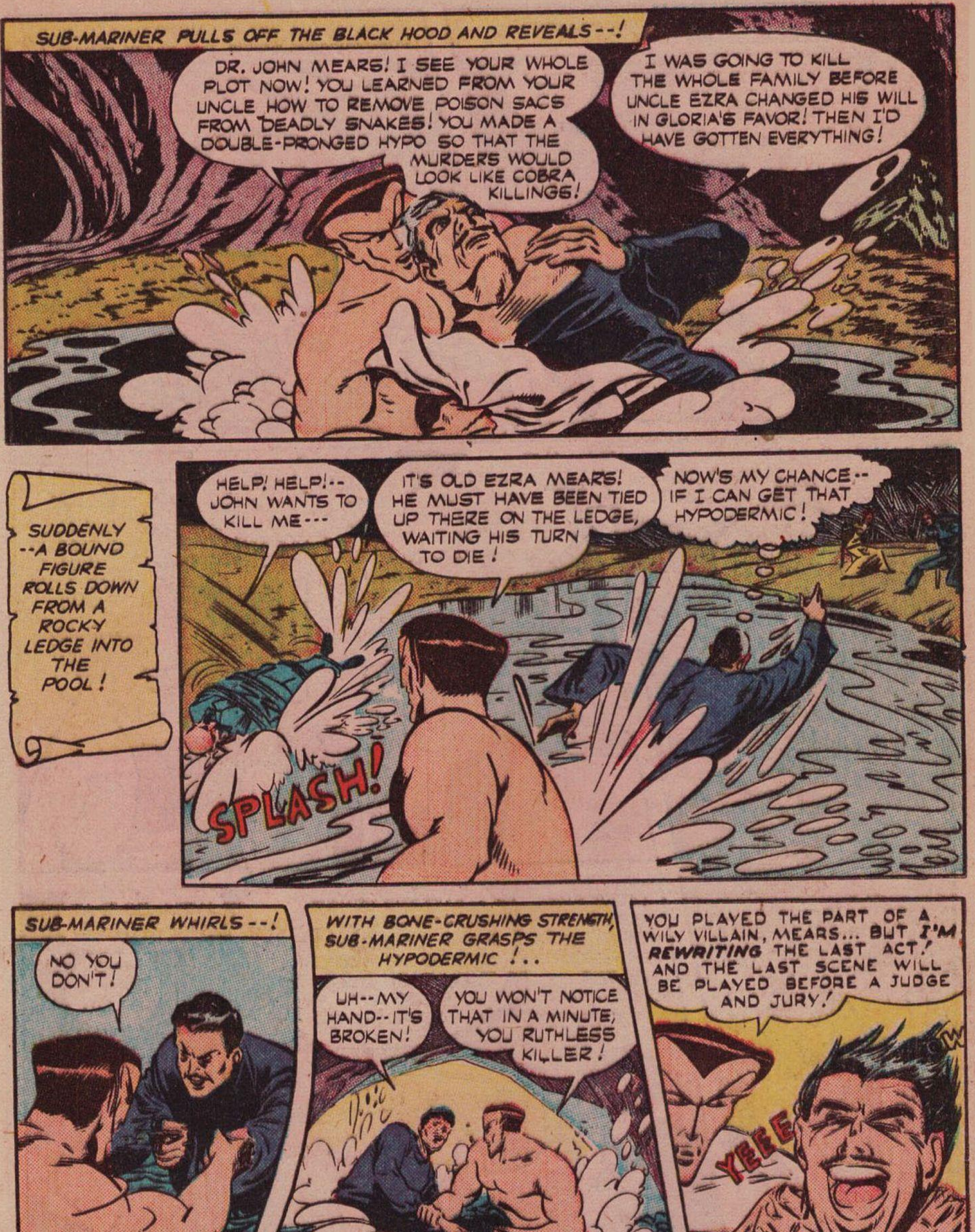

AND SWIFT AS A THUNDERBOLT..
MORE SCREAMS! OH--WHAT CAN IT BE?
IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING AT ALL!
GOSH! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S GETTING MURDERED!
NOTHING AT ALL! I'VE GOT A HUNCH IT'S FAR MORE THAN THAT!
WITH POWERFUL STROKES, SUB-MARINER STREAKS ACROSS THE LAKE, TO FIND A PANIC-STRICKEN ISLAND!
SUB-MARINER! HELP! COBRAS! THEY CRAWLED UP OUT OF THE WATER!
GREAT GARFISH! THESE COBRAS ARE NOT NATIVE HERE -- THIS IS MURDER!
MUSTN'T LET THE POISONOUS FANGS TOUCH ME!
AS THE REARING MONSTERS TWIST AND WRITHE IN HIS GRASP, SUB-MARINER CONTRIVES TO ROLL WITH THEM TOWARD THE WATER!
..AND A DESPERATE UNDERWATER STRUGGLE ENSUES---

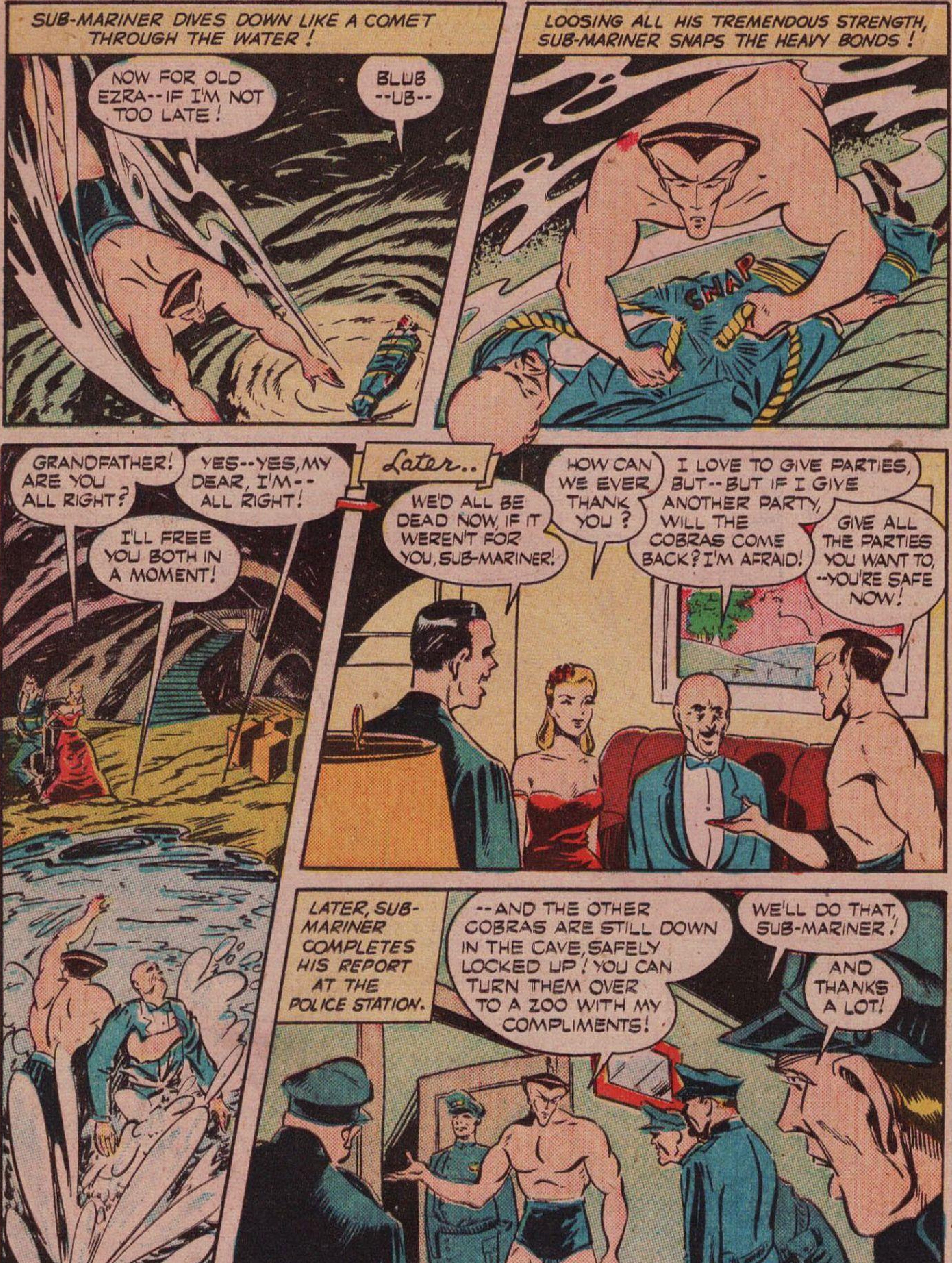

WITH A SUDDEN,SHARP MOVEMENT OF HIS WRIST, SUB-MARINER SNAPS THE SPINAL CORD OF ONE GRUESOME COBRA--- BUT THE OTHER IS ABOUT TO STRIKE!
SNAP
AS SUB-MARINER TURNS TO GRAPPLE WITH THE SECOND MONSTER, ITS FANGS DART INTO HIS ARM! THE COBRA-POISON MEANS DEATH---- EVEN THE MIGHTY SUB-MARINER CANNOT WITHSTAND IT!
THE--THE FANGS! I'LL DIE AS ALL THOSE OTHERS DIED! BUT FIRST I'LL KILL THIS DEADLY CREATURE!
WITH ONE CRUSHING BLOW, SUB-MARINER CRASHES THE SKULL OF THE MONSTROUS CREATURE!
STRANGE--I FEEL NO EFFECTS FROM THE COBRA-BITE --YET!
I KNOW THE FANGS STRUCK INTO MY ARM--YET I HAVE NO SYMPTOMS OF POISONING! BETTER INVESTIGATE THIS!
A SURGICAL OPERATION REMOVED THE POISON SACS! THE ONES LAST NIGHT WERE DEADLY--BUT THIS SNAKE IS HARMLESS!
THE POISON SACS WERE REMOVED FOR A PURPOSE, BUT--WHY? THINK I'LL ASK A FEW QUESTIONS AT THE CASTLE!
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
MR. MEARS! WHAT DID YOU DO BEFORE YOU RETIRED FROM MEDICINE?
WHY--I EXPERIMENTED IN OPERATIONS TO CURE TOXIC POISONING! NOW, I LEAVE THOSE THINGS TO BOB!
EVERYBODY'S LEAVING--THEY'RE ALL FRIGHTENED! WHAT ARE THEY AFRAID OF, SUB-MARINER?
DON'T TALK NOW! GO INTO THE CASTLE AND STAY THERE! I'M GOING TO HAVE QUITE A JOB ON MY HANDS!

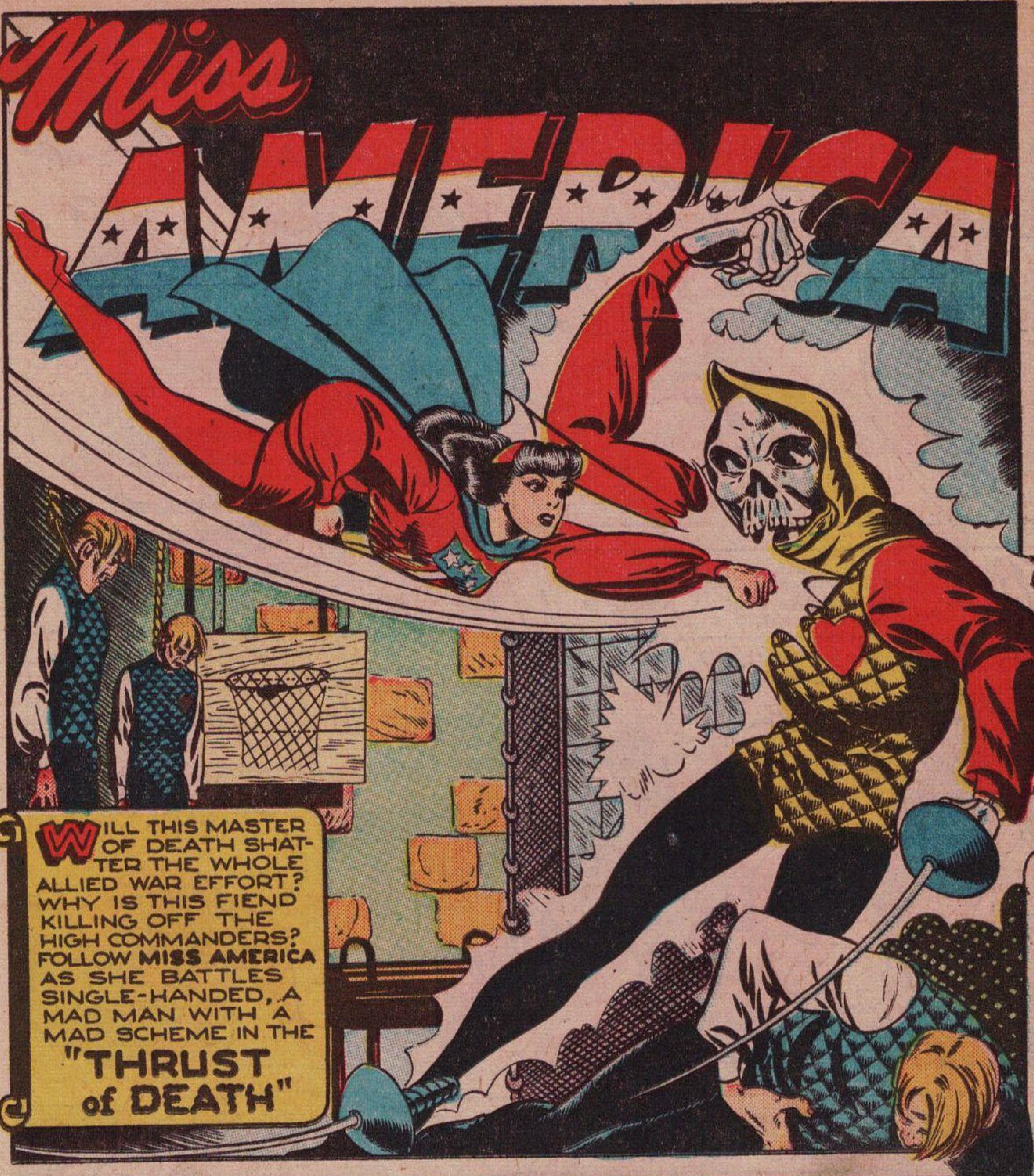

AS SUB-MARINER SWIMS NEAR THE CANOE-HOUSE, HE HEARS A TENSE VOICE--
-WILL KILL EVERYBODY!
BY NEPTUNE --THAT'S BOB CARTER'S VOICE!
FROM A NEARBY ISLAND-- A LOW WAIL OF AGONY--!
THE VOICE OF A WOMAN --DYING!
AAAAAOOOOWWWEEEE
REACHING THE ISLAND, SUB-MARINER FINDS--
THE HOUSEKEEPER--DEAD ALREADY! SHE MUST HAVE DIED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY --FROM POISON!
THE TWO MARKS ON HER NECK--LIKE SNAKE BITES! OBVIOUSLY DEATH BY COBRA-POISONING!
SUDDENLY, SUB-MARINER SEES--!
SOMEONE-- STAGGERING TOWARD THE WATER!
SUB-MARINER REACHES THE TOTTERING FIGURE AS IT FALLS INTO THE WATER--!
IT'S JENKINS, THE BUTLER! WHAT HAPPENED?
HE--GOT ME! YOU GET--HIM! I HAD IT--I DROPPED IT--!
HE'S DEAD NOW! WITH ALL THE EVIDENCES OF COBRA-POISONING! YET HE SAID--"HE GOT ME"! AND SOMETHING ABOUT DROPPING IT--PERHAPS DROPPING SOMETHING IN THE WATER BEFORE HE DIED? I'LL LOOK--!
SWIFTLY, SUB-MARINER SEARCHES THE BOTTOM OF THE LAKE!
HERE'S SOMETHING!]


IT'S A HYPODERMIC WITH TWO NEEDLES, SPACED LIKE COBRA'S FANG-MARKS! IT STILL CARRIES THE TRACES OF COBRA POISON!
THE MURDERER COVERED TONIGHT'S CRIMES BY RELEASING DEADLY COBRAS ON THE TOWN LAST NIGHT! THEY ACTUALLY KILLED, SO THE HARMLESS ONES LOOSED TONIGHT WOULD BE BLAMED FOR ANY DEATHS! BUT JENKINS AND HIS WIFE WERE NOT KILLED BY SNAKES! THEY WERE DELIBERATELY KILLED--THE POISON REMOVED FROM THE COBRAS AND PUT INTO THIS DEADLY HYPO! THE MURDERER TOOK NO CHANCES OF LETTING THEM ESCAPE DEATH!
AT THAT INSTANT...
SO YOU'VE FOUND OUT! TOO BAD---FOR YOU!
A KNIFE! BUT THROWN FROM WHICH ONE OF THIS NETWORK OF BRIDGES? IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL!
THE BLACK-ROBED MURDERER ESCAPES IN THE DARKNESS!
HA-HA! NOW WITH SUB-MARINER DEAD, MY PLAN WILL BE A SUCCESS! ALL OF THEM WILL DIE!
I'LL GO BACK TO THE CANOE-HOUSE AND SEE WHAT CARTER KNOWS ABOUT THIS!
SUB-MARINER REACHES THE CANOE-HOUSE WITH AMAZING SPEED--!
DOOR'S LOCKED! THIS IS THE QUICKEST WAY!

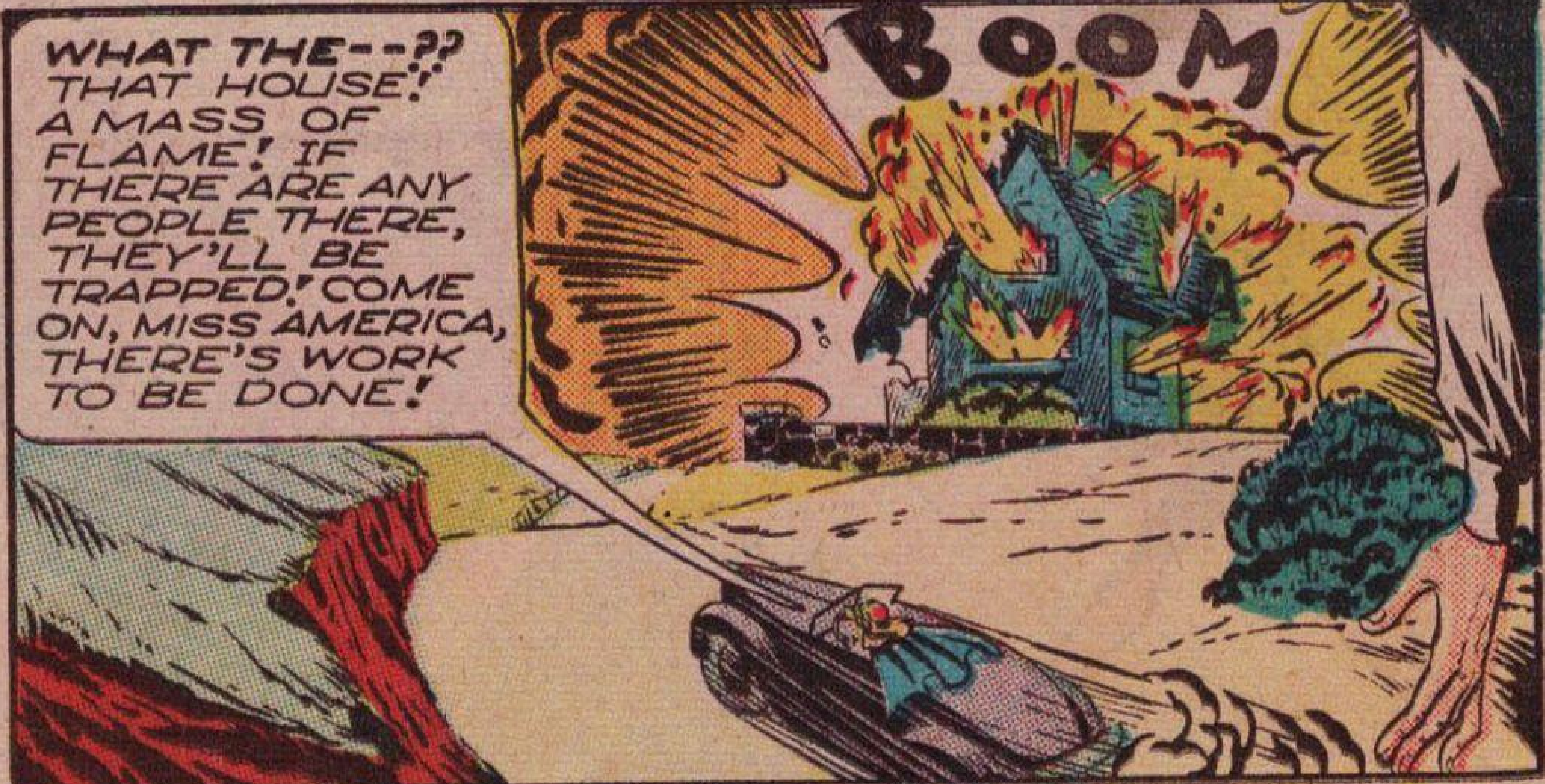

THE HOUSE IS EMPTY! CARTER--AND WHOMEVER HE WAS TALKING TO--HAVE GOTTEN AWAY! WAIT A MINUTE--IN THE FLOOR--!
A TRAP DOOR! THE CANOE-CUSHION MUST HAVE GOTTEN JAMMED UNDER IT ACCIDENTLY AS SOMEONE ELSE WENT DOWN! THESE STONE STEPS ARE CUT FROM THE ISLAND ROCK! THERE MUST BE A SECRET CAVE UNDER HERE!
SUB-MARINER IS RIGHT! A SECRET CAVE WITH A BLACK, SUBTERRANEAN POOL AND A FIENDISH LABORATORY!
YOU'RE NEXT, CARTER! THEN THE GIRL! AFTER THAT, ONE MORE! AND I HAVE HIM HERE IN THE CAVE!
I KNOW WHY YOU WANT TO KILL US ALL! YOU--YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!
BOB! OH, BOB, DON'T LET HIM--!
THE DEADLY HYPODERMIC FALLS BY THE SIDE OF THE POOL AS SUB-MARINER HURTLES DOWNWARD--!
RIGHT, CARTER! HE'S NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT!
BLAST YOU! SUB-MARINER!
UH!
CRASH!

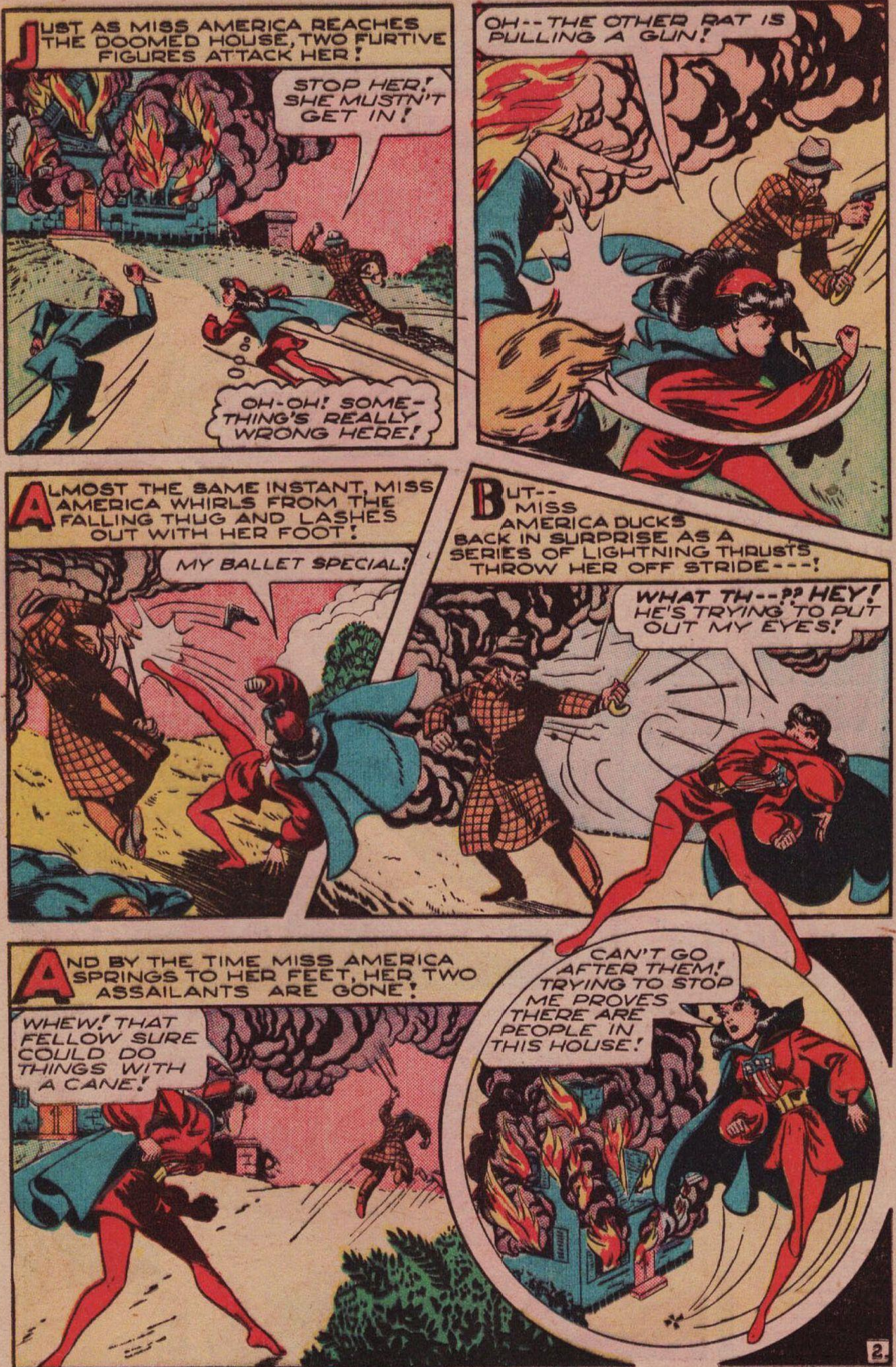

SUB-MARINER PULLS OFF THE BLACK HOOD AND REVEALS--!
DR. JOHN MEARS! I SEE YOUR WHOLE PLOT NOW! YOU LEARNED FROM YOUR UNCLE HOW TO REMOVE POISON SACS FROM DEADLY SNAKES! YOU MADE A DOUBLE-PRONGED HYPO SO THAT THE MURDERS WOULD LOOK LIKE COBRA KILLINGS!
I WAS GOING TO KILL THE WHOLE FAMILY BEFORE UNCLE EZRA CHANGED HIS WILL IN GLORIA'S FAVOR! THEN I'D HAVE GOTTEN EVERYTHING!
SUDDENLY --A BOUND FIGURE ROLLS DOWN FROM A ROCKY LEDGE INTO THE POOL!
HELP! HELP!-- JOHN WANTS TO KILL ME---
IT'S OLD EZRA MEARS! HE MUST HAVE BEEN TIED UP THERE ON THE LEDGE, WAITING HIS TURN TO DIE!
NOW'S MY CHANCE-- IF I CAN GET THAT HYPODERMIC!
SPLASH!
SUB-MARINER WHIRLS--!
NO YOU DON'T!
WITH BONE-CRUSHING STRENGTH, SUB-MARINER GRASPS THE HYPODERMIC!..
UH--MY HAND--IT'S BROKEN!
YOU WON'T NOTICE THAT IN A MINUTE, YOU RUTHLESS KILLER!
YOU PLAYED THE PART OF A WILY VILLAIN, MEARS... BUT I'M REWRITING THE LAST ACT! AND THE LAST SCENE WILL BE PLAYED BEFORE A JUDGE AND JURY!
YEEE
OW

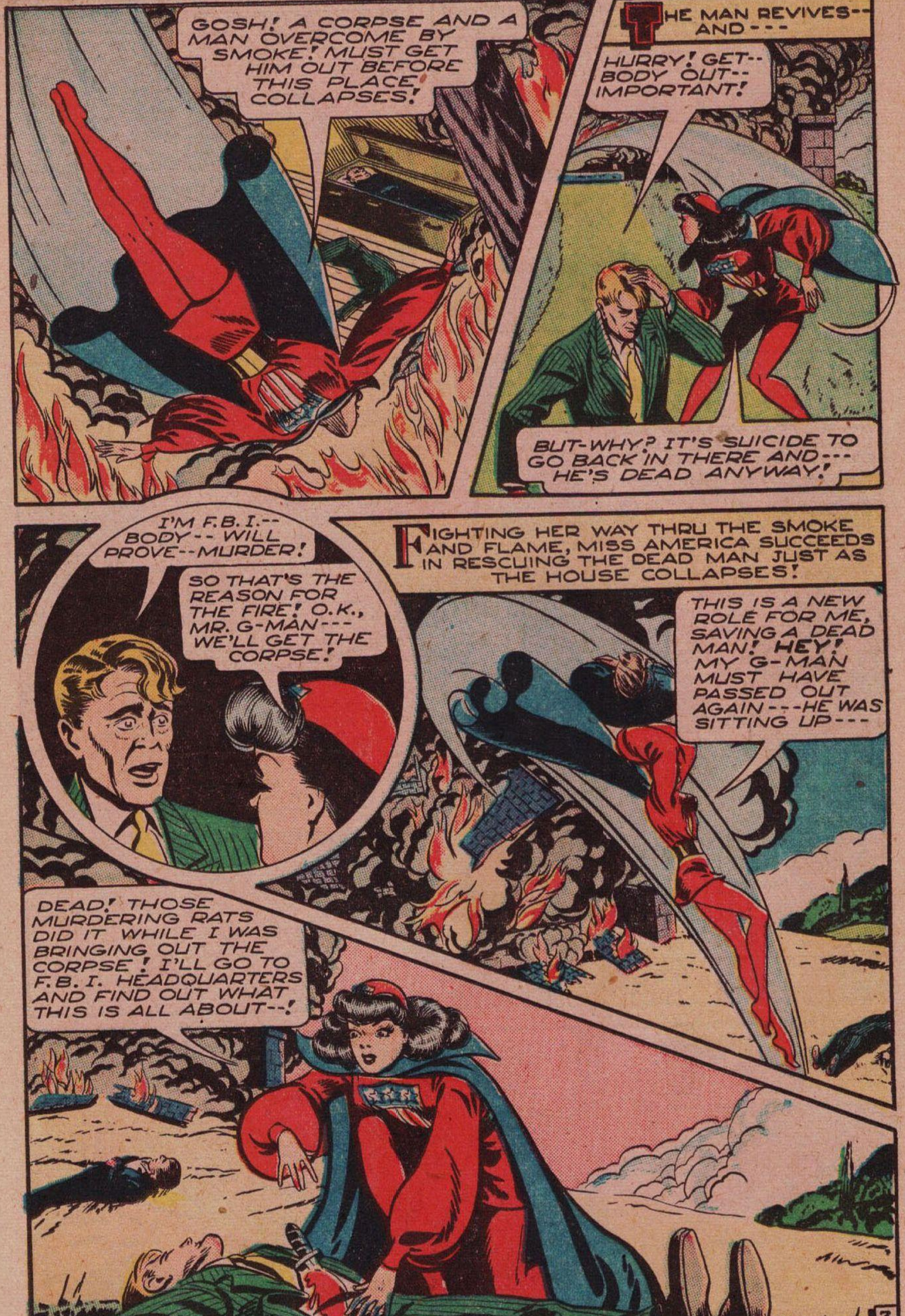

SUB-MARINER DIVES DOWN LIKE A COMET THROUGH THE WATER!
NOW FOR OLD EZRA--IF I'M NOT TOO LATE!
BLUB --UB--
LOOSING ALL HIS TREMENDOUS STRENGTH, SUB-MARINER SNAPS THE HEAVY BONDS!
SNAP
GRANDFATHER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES--YES, MY DEAR, I'M-- ALL RIGHT!
I'LL FREE YOU BOTH IN A MOMENT!
Later..
WE'D ALL BE DEAD NOW, IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU, SUB-MARINER!
HOW CAN WE EVER THANK YOU?
I LOVE TO GIVE PARTIES, BUT--BUT IF I GIVE ANOTHER PARTY, WILL THE COBRAS COME BACK? I'M AFRAID!
GIVE ALL THE PARTIES YOU WANT TO, --YOU'RE SAFE NOW!
LATER, SUB-MARINER COMPLETES HIS REPORT AT THE POLICE STATION.
--AND THE OTHER COBRAS ARE STILL DOWN IN THE CAVE, SAFELY LOCKED UP! YOU CAN TURN THEM OVER TO A ZOO WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
WE'LL DO THAT, SUB-MARINER!
AND THANKS A LOT!
THE END

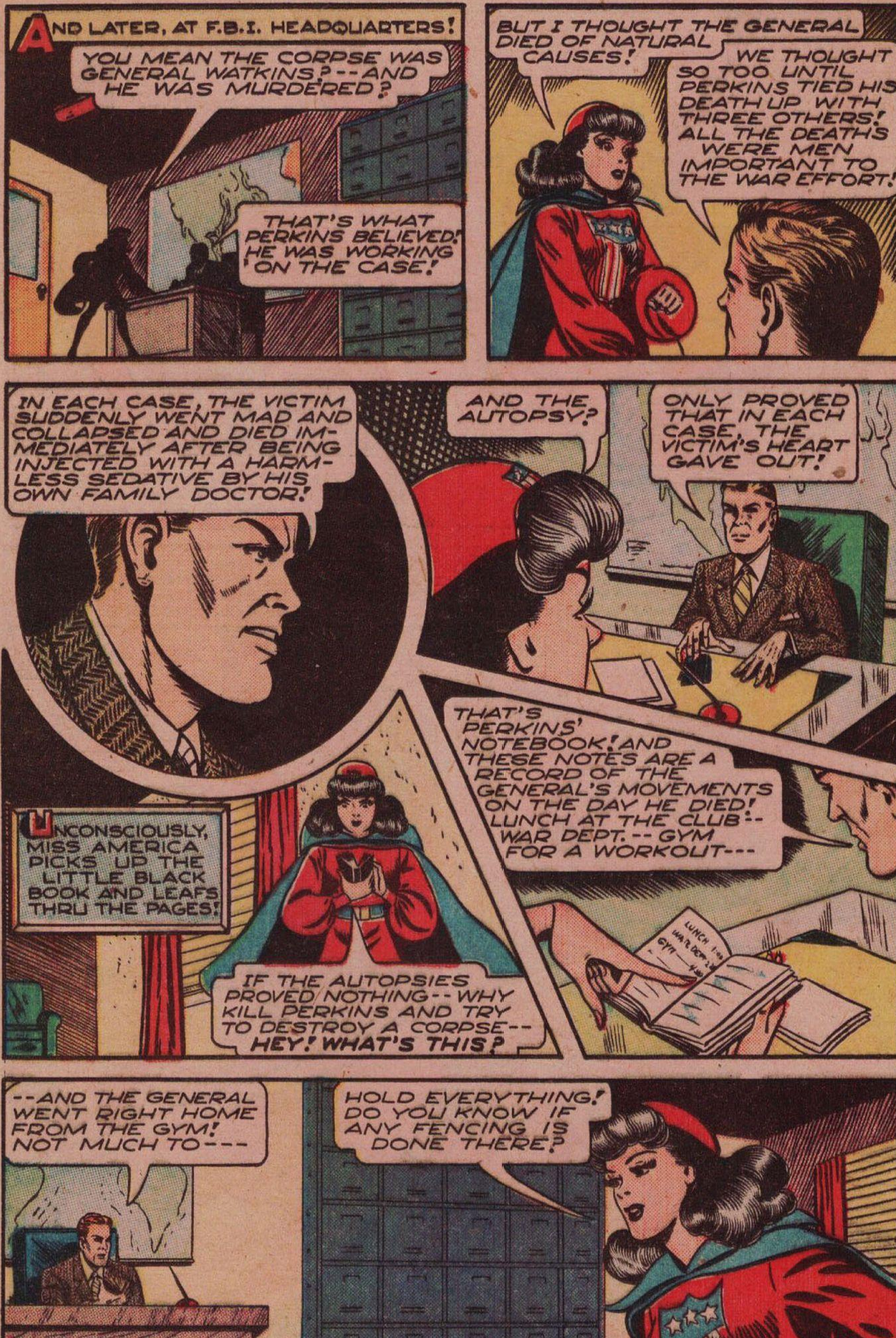

Miss AMERICA
WILL THIS MASTER OF DEATH SHATTER THE WHOLE ALLIED WAR EFFORT? WHY IS THIS FIEND KILLING OFF THE HIGH COMMANDERS? FOLLOW MISS AMERICA AS SHE BATTLES SINGLE-HANDED, A MAD MAN WITH A MAD SCHEME IN THE "THRUST of DEATH"

DRIVING ALONG A SUBURBAN ROAD OUTSIDE WARTIME WASHINGTON, MADELINE JOYCE IS SUDDENLY JOLTED OUT OF A PLEASANT DAY-DREAM BY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!

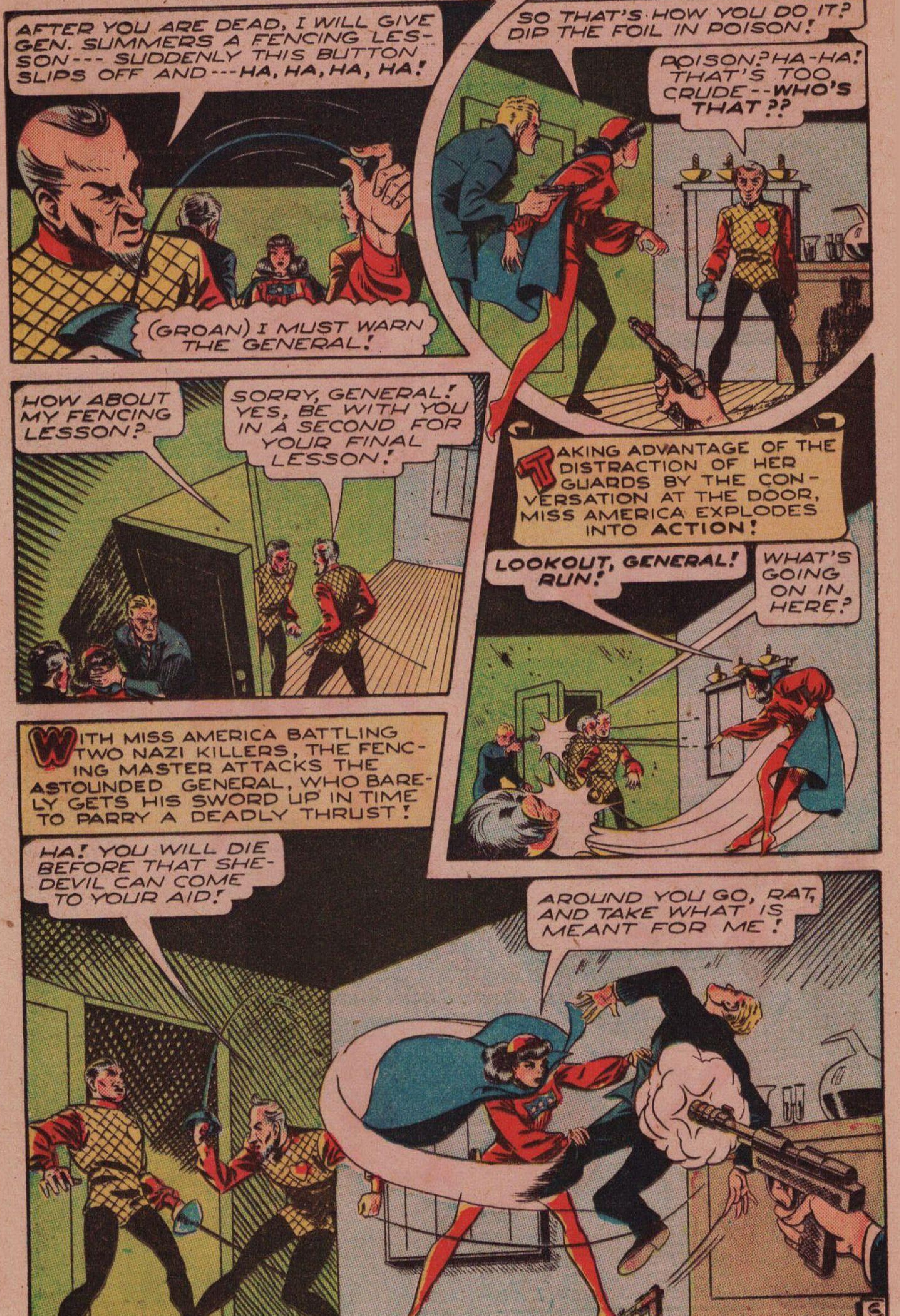

WHAT THE--?? THAT HOUSE! A MASS OF FLAME! IF THERE ARE ANY PEOPLE THERE, THEY'LL BE TRAPPED! COME ON, MISS AMERICA, THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!
BOOM

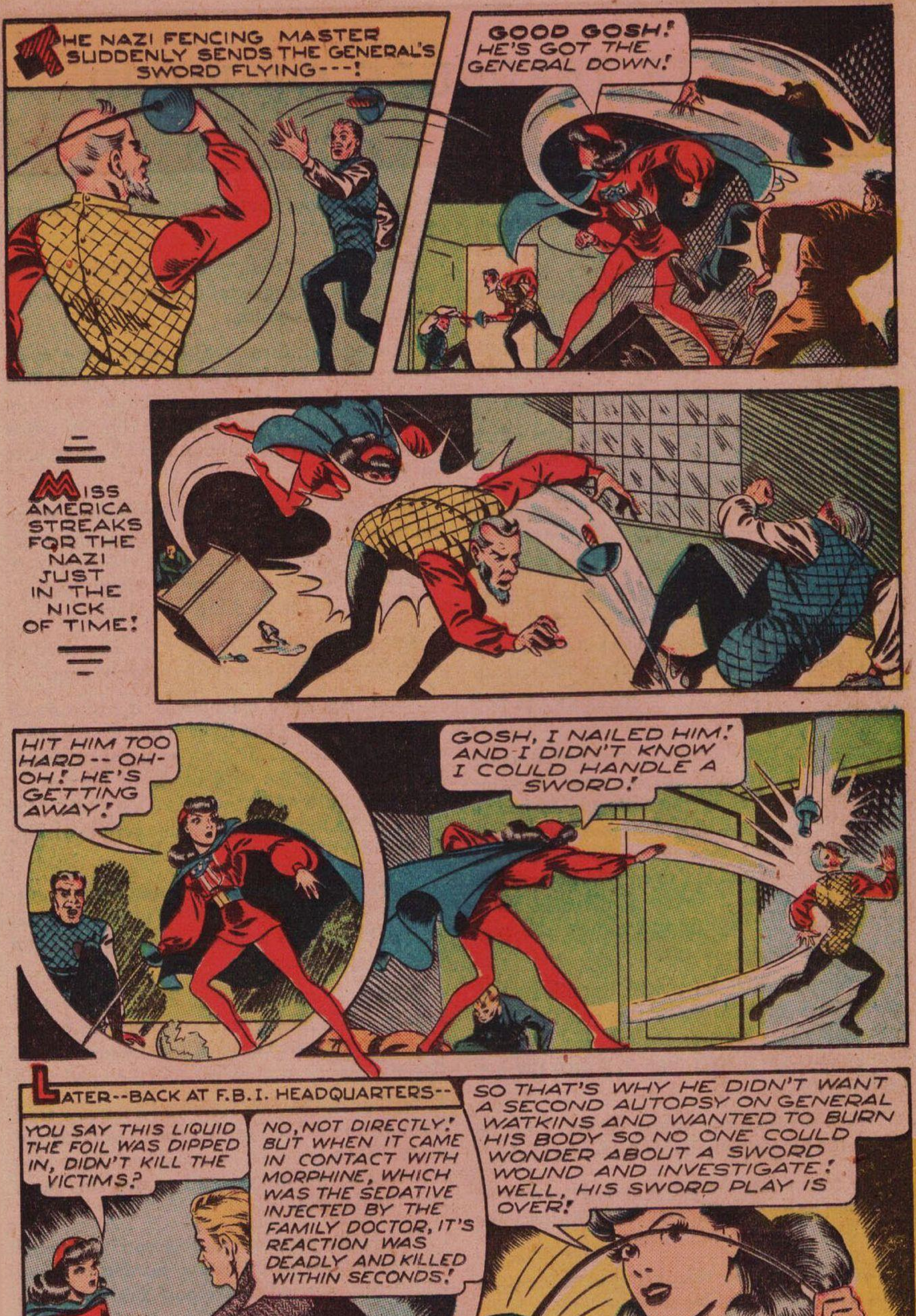

JUST AS MISS AMERICA REACHES THE DOOMED HOUSE, TWO FURTIVE FIGURES ATTACK HER!
STOP HER! SHE MUSTN'T GET IN!
OH-OH! SOMETHING'S REALLY WRONG HERE!
OH--THE OTHER RAT IS PULLING A GUN!
ALMOST THE SAME INSTANT, MISS AMERICA WHIRLS FROM THE FALLING THUG AND LASHES OUT WITH HER FOOT!
MY BALLET SPECIAL!
BUT--MISS AMERICA DUCKS BACK IN SURPRISE AS A SERIES OF LIGHTNING THRUSTS THROW HER OFF STRIDE---!
WHAT TH--?? HEY! HE'S TRYING TO PUT OUT MY EYES!
AND BY THE TIME MISS AMERICA SPRINGS TO HER FEET, HER TWO ASSAILANTS ARE GONE!
WHEW! THAT FELLOW SURE COULD DO THINGS WITH A CANE!
CAN'T GO AFTER THEM! TRYING TO STOP ME PROVES THERE ARE PEOPLE IN THIS HOUSE!


GOSH! A CORPSE AND A MAN OVERCOME BY SMOKE! MUST GET HIM OUT BEFORE THIS PLACE COLLAPSES!
THE MAN REVIVES--AND---
HURRY! GET--BODY OUT--IMPORTANT!
BUT-WHY? IT'S SUICIDE TO GO BACK IN THERE AND---HE'S DEAD ANYWAY!
I'M F.B.I.--BODY--WILL PROVE--MURDER!
SO THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE FIRE! O.K., MR. G-MAN---WE'LL GET THE CORPSE!
FIGHTING HER WAY THRU THE SMOKE AND FLAME, MISS AMERICA SUCCEEDS IN RESCUING THE DEAD MAN JUST AS THE HOUSE COLLAPSES!
THIS IS A NEW ROLE FOR ME, SAVING A DEAD MAN! HEY! MY G-MAN MUST HAVE PASSED OUT AGAIN---HE WAS SITTING UP---
DEAD! THOSE MURDERING RATS DID IT WHILE I WAS BRINGING OUT THE CORPSE! I'LL GO TO F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT--!
3.


AND LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS!
YOU MEAN THE CORPSE WAS GENERAL WATKINS? --AND HE WAS MURDERED?
THAT'S WHAT PERKINS BELIEVED! HE WAS WORKING ON THE CASE!
BUT I THOUGHT THE GENERAL DIED OF NATURAL CAUSES!
WE THOUGHT SO TOO UNTIL PERKINS TIED HIS DEATH UP WITH THREE OTHERS! ALL THE DEATHS WERE MEN IMPORTANT TO THE WAR EFFORT!
IN EACH CASE, THE VICTIM SUDDENLY WENT MAD AND COLLAPSED AND DIED IMMEDIATELY AFTER BEING INJECTED WITH A HARMLESS SEDATIVE BY HIS OWN FAMILY DOCTOR!
AND THE AUTOPSY?
ONLY PROVED THAT IN EACH CASE, THE VICTIM'S HEART GAVE OUT!
UNCONSCIOUSLY, MISS AMERICA PICKS UP THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK AND LEAFS THRU THE PAGES!
IF THE AUTOPSIES PROVED NOTHING--WHY KILL PERKINS AND TRY TO DESTROY A CORPSE-- **HEY! WHAT'S THIS?**
THAT'S PERKINS' NOTEBOOK! AND THESE NOTES ARE A RECORD OF THE GENERAL'S MOVEMENTS ON THE DAY HE DIED! LUNCH AT THE CLUB-- WAR DEPT.-- GYM FOR A WORKOUT---
LUNCH 1:00
WAR DEPT. 2:
GYM 4:
--AND THE GENERAL WENT RIGHT HOME FROM THE GYM! NOT MUCH TO---
HOLD EVERYTHING! DO YOU KNOW IF ANY FENCING IS DONE THERE?
4

YES, THEY FENCE THERE! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO GET A FENCING LESSON FROM A RAT THAT DOES TRICKS WITH A CANE!
THAT'S THE GYM DOWN THERE! NOW TO FIND OUT IF THE OTHER VICTIMS WENT IN FOR FENCING TOO!
HELLO! UNUSUAL TO DIP THE POINT OF A FOIL INTO A LIQUID, ISN'T IT?
VASS IS--?? YOU??
THE WILY FENCING MASTER DRAWS MISS AMERICA'S ATTENTION AWAY FROM TWO BURLY FIGURES LEAPING TOWARD HER!
SO I WAS RIGHT! YOU ARE THE RAT WITH THE CANE AND A NAZI TO BOOT!
THIS TIME IT IS NO CANE THAT WILL PICK OUT YOUR EYES!
MISS AMERICA SENSES THE THREAT BEHIND HER, BUT WHIRLS A SPLIT SECOND TOO LATE TO WARD OFF BOTH ATTACKERS!
BOP!
WE WAITED PATIENTLY FOR YOU TO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS! I WANTED YOU TO BE AWARE OF YOUR FATE! THE PISTOLS HAVE SILENCERS! I DON'T WISH TO ALARM AN IMPORTANT CLIENT WAITING IN THE GYM! A CERTAIN GEN. SUMMERS!
GOSH! HE'S THE BRAIN PLANNING THESE MURDERS!


AFTER YOU ARE DEAD, I WILL GIVE GEN. SUMMERS A FENCING LESSON--- SUDDENLY THIS BUTTON SLIPS OFF AND---HA, HA, HA, HA!
(GROAN) I MUST WARN THE GENERAL!
SO THAT'S HOW YOU DO IT? DIP THE FOIL IN POISON!
POISON? HA-HA! THAT'S TOO CRUDE--WHO'S THAT??
HOW ABOUT MY FENCING LESSON?
SORRY, GENERAL! YES, BE WITH YOU IN A SECOND FOR YOUR FINAL LESSON!
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DISTRACTION OF HER GUARDS BY THE CONVERSATION AT THE DOOR, MISS AMERICA EXPLODES INTO ACTION!
LOOKOUT, GENERAL! RUN!
WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE?
WITH MISS AMERICA BATTLING TWO NAZI KILLERS, THE FENCING MASTER ATTACKS THE ASTOUNDED GENERAL, WHO BARELY GETS HIS SWORD UP IN TIME TO PARRY A DEADLY THRUST!
HA! YOU WILL DIE BEFORE THAT SHE-DEVIL CAN COME TO YOUR AID!
AROUND YOU GO, RAT, AND TAKE WHAT IS MEANT FOR ME!


THE NAZI FENCING MASTER SUDDENLY SENDS THE GENERAL'S SWORD FLYING---!
GOOD GOSH! HE'S GOT THE GENERAL DOWN!
MISS AMERICA STREAKS FOR THE NAZI JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME!
HIT HIM TOO HARD -- OH-OH! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
GOSH, I NAILED HIM! AND I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD HANDLE A SWORD!
LATER--BACK AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS--
YOU SAY THIS LIQUID THE FOIL WAS DIPPED IN, DIDN'T KILL THE VICTIMS?
NO, NOT DIRECTLY! BUT WHEN IT CAME IN CONTACT WITH MORPHINE, WHICH WAS THE SEDATIVE INJECTED BY THE FAMILY DOCTOR, IT'S REACTION WAS DEADLY AND KILLED WITHIN SECONDS!
SO THAT'S WHY HE DIDN'T WANT A SECOND AUTOPSY ON GENERAL WATKINS AND WANTED TO BURN HIS BODY SO NO ONE COULD WONDER ABOUT A SWORD WOUND AND INVESTIGATE! WELL, HIS SWORD PLAY IS OVER!
THE END

WHITE TREASURE OF MABU

THIS was big elephant country. Steve Denison had heard a lot about it from friendly natives of the Waziri tribe. Now he was going to see if their tales held any truth. Steve had made good friends among the dark African natives, for he had much knowledge of medicine and had treated them for many infections and illnesses. They were grateful to him and spread his good name among other tribes.

Steve knew that the Mabu natives inhabited this section of the jungle, and he planned to spend some time among them to rest for his arduous elephant-hunting which he planned to engage in during the next few days.

After a half-hour trek, Steve entered the village of Mabu. But as he stepped into the clearing, he stopped short. He had expected to see noisy and cheerful natives working and playing in front of the thatched huts of the village. But instead, all was quiet. Not a living soul was to be seen.

Suddenly, Steve's trained sense of hearing picked up a low cry, not far away. It came from the last hut in the village. Steve cautiously approached this hut . . . the faint cry was more audible. He entered. The rays of the sunlight penetrated the open window and revealed a huddled form in one corner. Steve approached the figure and moved the rags which covered it.

A small native boy, with terrified eyes, stared back at him. Steve realized the deep fear which this lad was feeling. He spoke to him at once in Waziri dialect, which the boy understood.

"Have no fear, my young friend. I am he whom the jungle people call the white healer."

The terror left the boy's eyes. He knew at once that he was with a friend. Steve Denison's fame had spread to Mabu too.

The lad spoke slowly, as if to be sure not to omit a single item of his story.

"Me named Tiki. Mabu people hold feast after big elephant kill. Much ivory in village, which we would take to coast and sell. But, yesterday . . ."

The boy hesitated, trembling slightly as the tale he was telling recalled certain unpleasant incidents to his mind.

"Yesterday, three white men come, with much magic. Frighten Mabus and force them to carry big ivory treasure to coast for them. Everyone go. But I hide in high tree, until bad men leave with my people. Now I alone here in Mabu!"

So that was it! Three unscrupulous white hunters had terrorized the superstitious natives somehow, and plundered their treasure of white ivory from them! But this "magic" . . . what manner of thing was this?

Steve questioned Tiki, and the boy tried to describe the magic of the bad white men.

"Bad men have machine . . . it make much noise and shoot great light. Then we see great engine on trees . . . it rush at us, then disappear. Then we see wild beasts of jungles . . . they roar, rush at us, then also disappear. Machine make much noise. Mabu people afraid. It like devil!"

Steve was more confused than ever. A machine that made a frightening noise? Engines and wild animals appearing on the trees and then disappearing?

"Come along with me, Tiki," Steve said kindly. "We must reach your people before they arrive at the coastal port. Otherwise, all is lost!"

For hours, the pair followed a narrow trail through the dense jungle growth and matted vines. With his skill as a tracker, Steve was certain that his quarry had passed this same way the day before.

The Mabu people had necessarily traveled slowly, because of the heavy burden of ivory which they carried. Steve and Tiki were unhindered and moved fastly.

Finally, they came to a large clearing and Steve observed certain signs which showed that the natives had stopped there the night before. So, the trail which continued on from that point had been made that very day! They were getting closer. As time went on, the tracks were becoming fresher. They could not be very far away now. Steve kept glancing at little Tiki, fearing the boy could not keep up with him and would soon tire. But the courageous lad stuck to the side of his companion and did not lag behind

Suddenly, the duo stopped short. The faint murmur of a native song came to their ears. Tiki recognized the plaintive tune of his people.

"They are near," he muttered.

Dark shadows started to fall over the jungle as the sun began to set. Steve climbed up a high tree and gazed far ahead.

And there, less than a half mile away, he saw the band of Mabu natives lowering their burden to the ground in a large clearing. They were stopping to spend their last night in the jungle before reaching the port. This was the opportunity Steve had been hoping for!

He lowered himself to the ground and quickly explained the situation to Tiki. Then they continued on their way toward the distant camp.

Steve and Tiki barely breathed as they peered through the foliage and beheld an amazing sight. The Mabu natives were huddled close together and staring at something on the outer fringe of the clearing. Steve followed their gaze and saw two of the "bad men" whom Tiki quickly identified. They were tying a large white sheet to the limbs of two widely separated trees. It now hung limply to the ground.

Then Steve turned his eyes to the third white man in that assembly. He watched him for a moment, and then a flash of understanding penetrated his mind. This third rogue had just started up a small portable generator which was supplying power for a motion picture projector with attached recording machine! A bright beam of light shot out from the lens, and moving objects were projected onto the screen! First there was a racing locomotive, headed straight for the trembling natives, as the record blared the loud blast of the engine!

This picture disappeared from the screen, to be followed by roaring, snarling lions, a rhinoceros, and other killer beasts of the jungle. No wonder these superstitious Mabu people had been terrified by this "magic." They had never seen motion pictures before!

Steve was doing some fast thinking. Then he made up his mind. He grasped a strong vine which hung from a nearby tree. Then he made his way carefully to another tall tree some distance away. Climbing this, he soon reached the top, still clinging to the vine of the other tree. He had exactly the right angle he desired.

Then, with a wild whoop, he leaped from the tree and his body swung downward in a wide arc, bringing him swiftly and ever-closer to the motion picture machine. With a forceful blow of his heels, he smashed the machine and record, which fell to the ground in a shattered heap!

At this same moment, Tiki rushed into sight, and yelled at his bewildered people:

"You are saved! It is the great white healer who has destroyed the devil's magic!"

The Mabu natives were overjoyed and rushed for the two men who had been standing by the screen. Steve chased after the leader of the trio who had been operating the projector. With a flying leap, he sent the burly criminal to the ground. A single wallop with his right fist as the thug tried to rise, knocked all further desire for resistance from the would-be ivory raider!

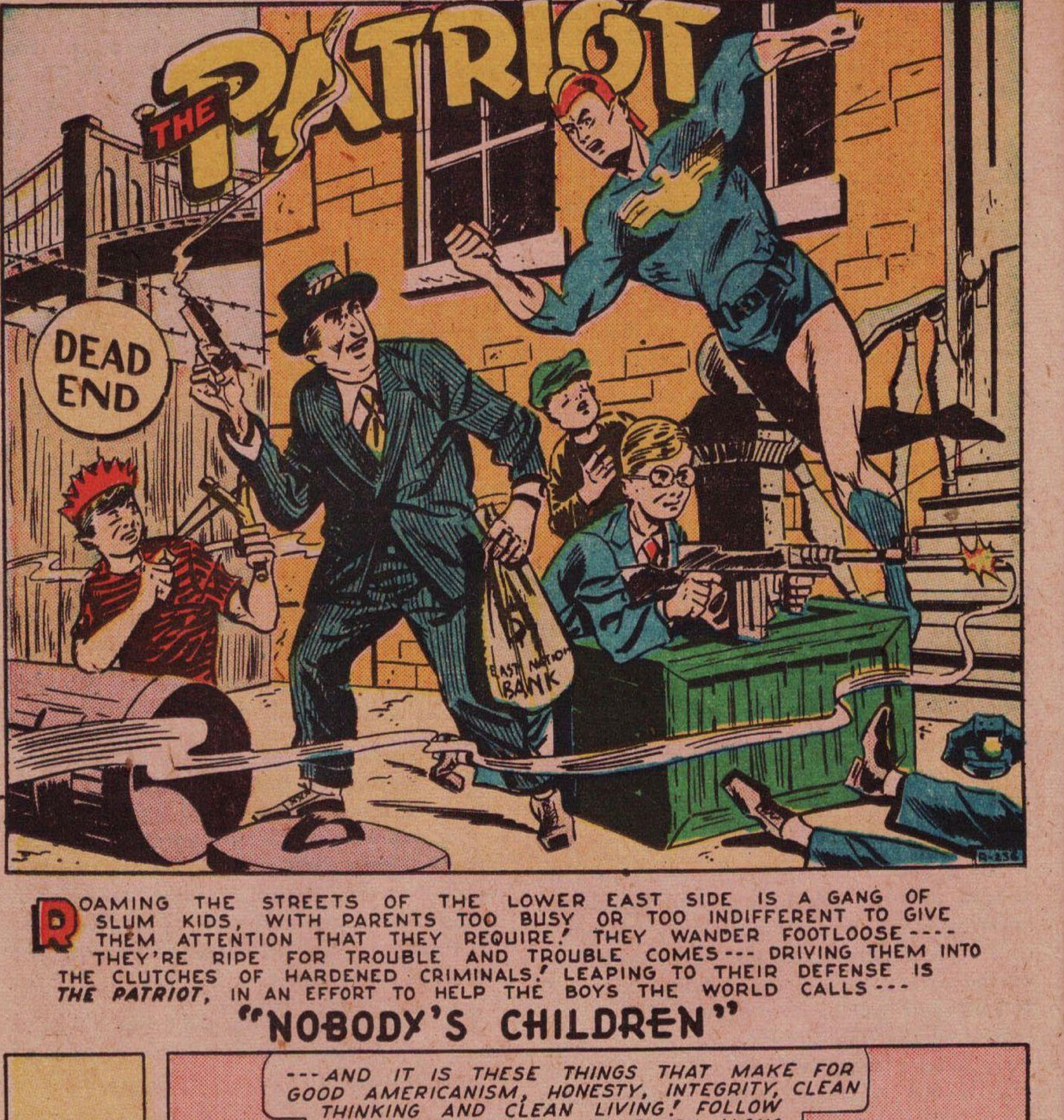
The chief of the Mabu tribe put his hand on Steve's shoulder and uttered an oath of eternal friendship.

"Again the white man who heals has aided his black brothers. Ask a gift, and you shall receive one from the grateful chief of the Mabus."

Steve was unwilling to ask for a reward for his friendly intervention. But Tiki himself forced the elephant-hunter to accept a token gift.

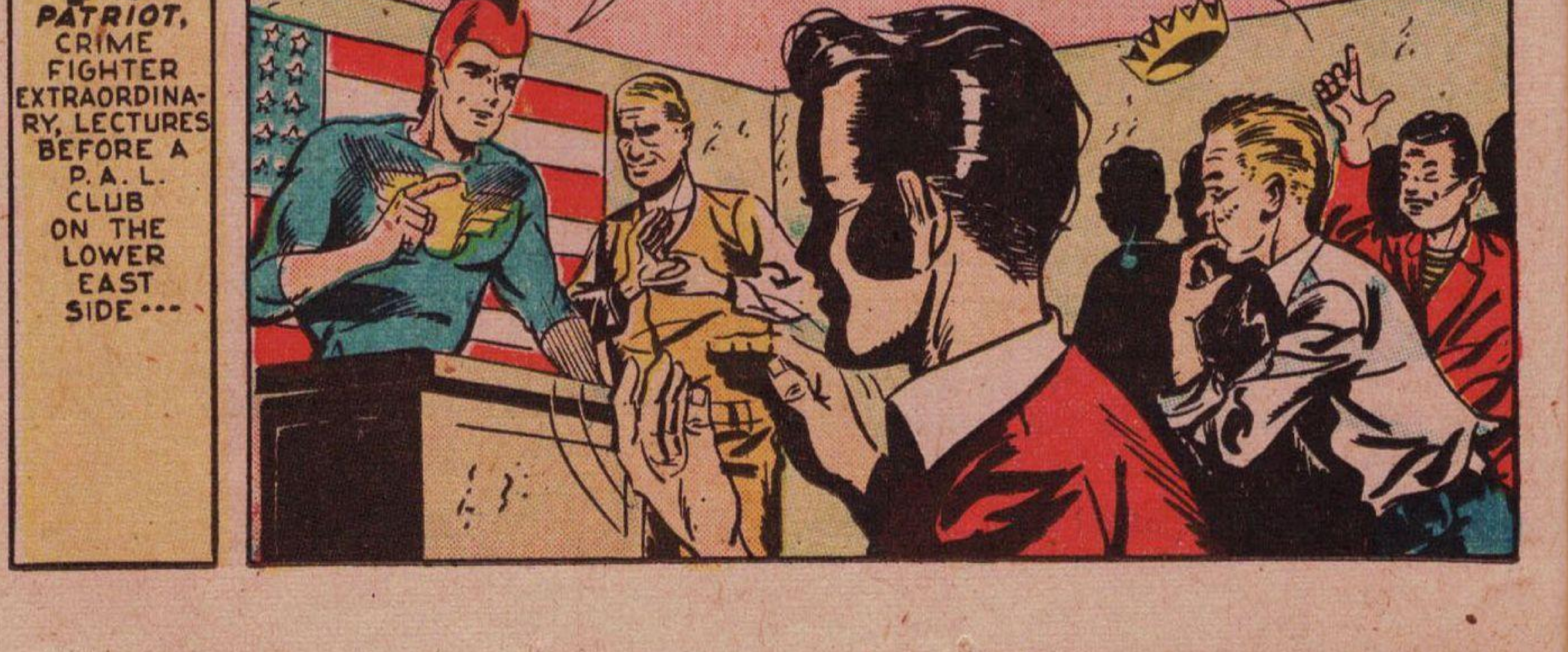
And if you should visit the stately apartment of Steve Denison, adventurer, today, you would find a gleaming white elephant tusk hanging above the fireplace of a cosy trophy room!

THE END

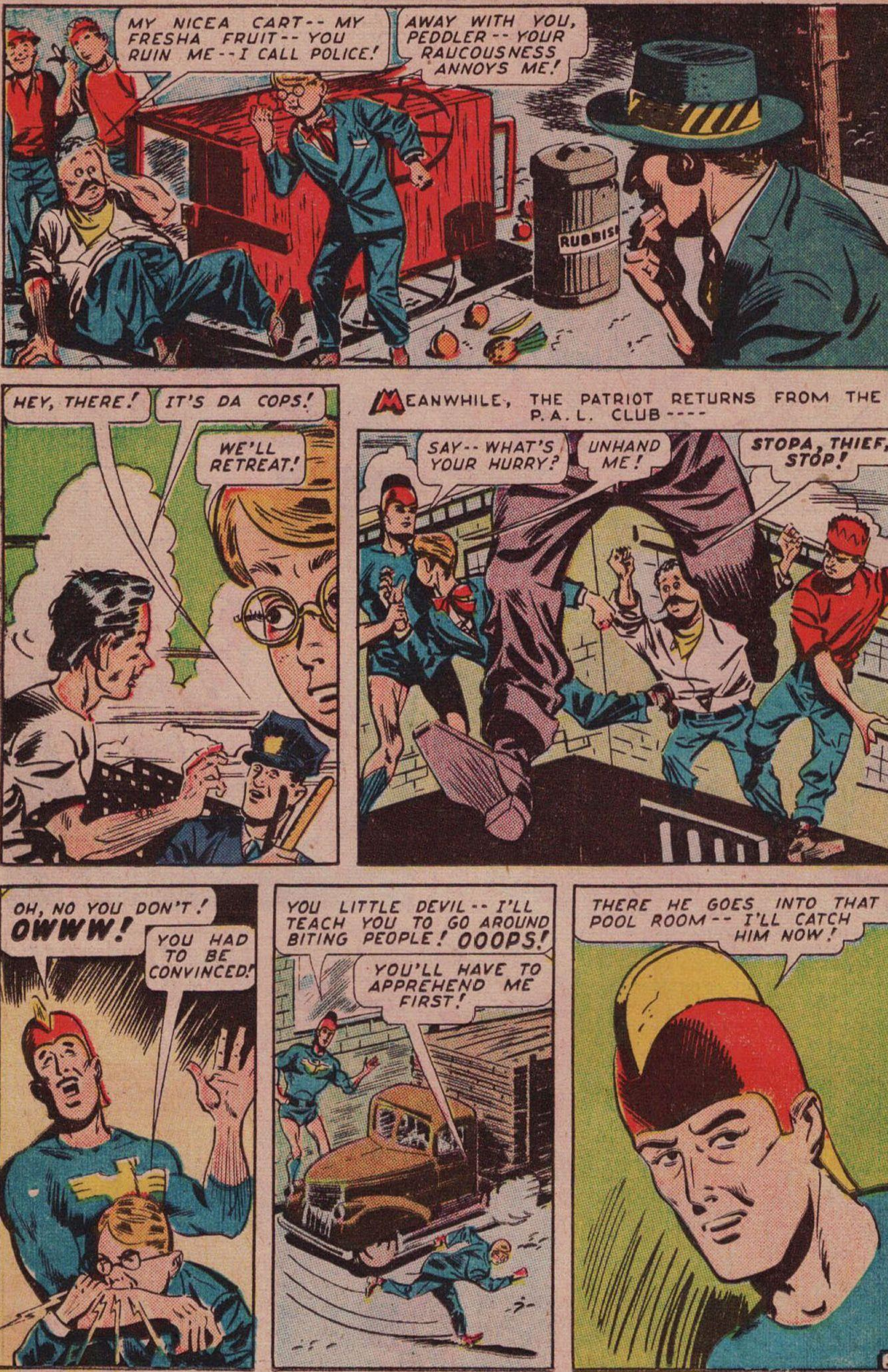

THE PATRIOT
DEAD END
EAST NATION BANK

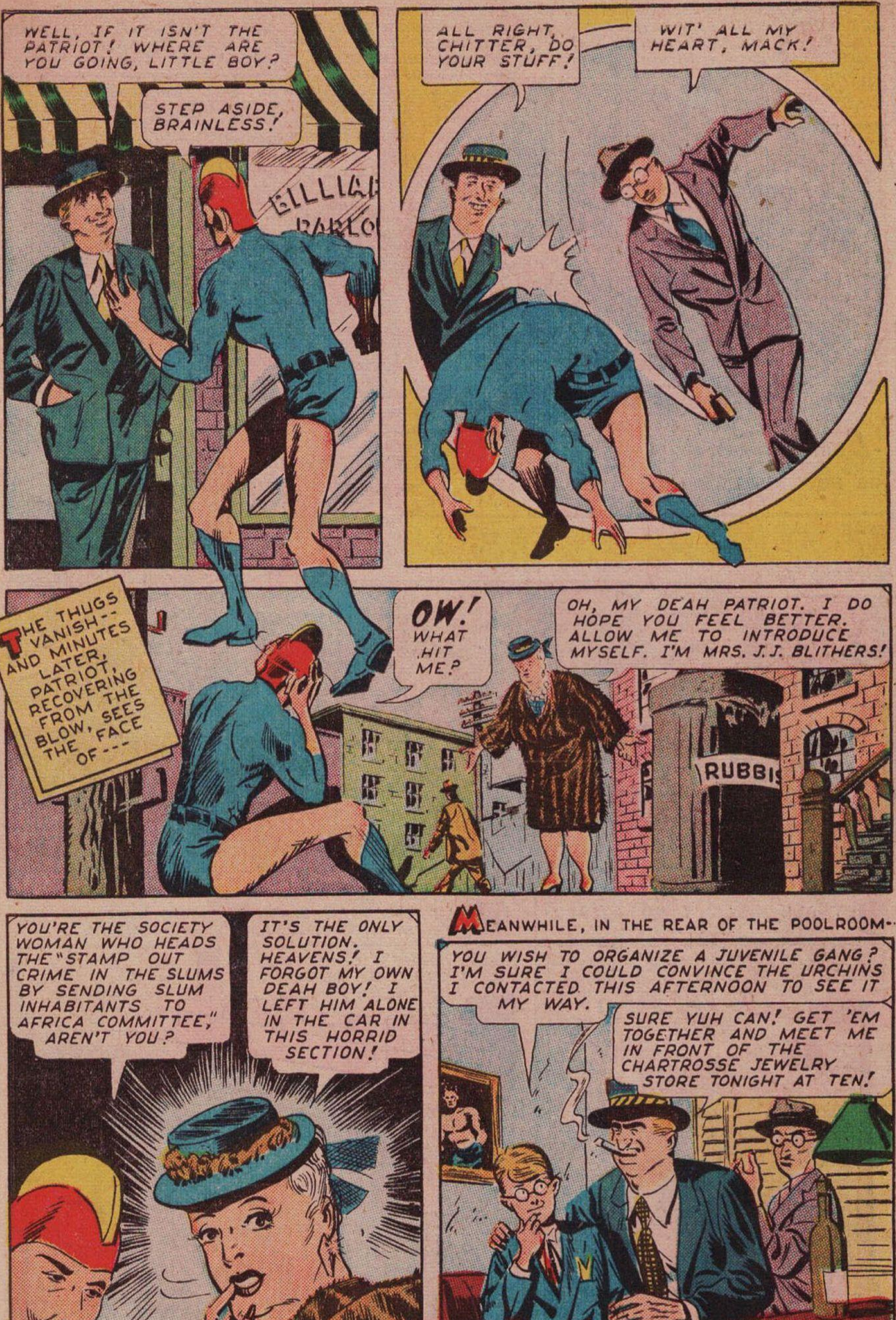
ROAMING THE STREETS OF THE LOWER EAST SIDE IS A GANG OF SLUM KIDS, WITH PARENTS TOO BUSY OR TOO INDIFFERENT TO GIVE THEM ATTENTION THAT THEY REQUIRE! THEY WANDER FOOTLOOSE---- THEY'RE RIPE FOR TROUBLE AND TROUBLE COMES--- DRIVING THEM INTO THE CLUTCHES OF HARDENED CRIMINALS! LEAPING TO THEIR DEFENSE IS ***THE PATRIOT***, IN AN EFFORT TO HELP THE BOYS THE WORLD CALLS---

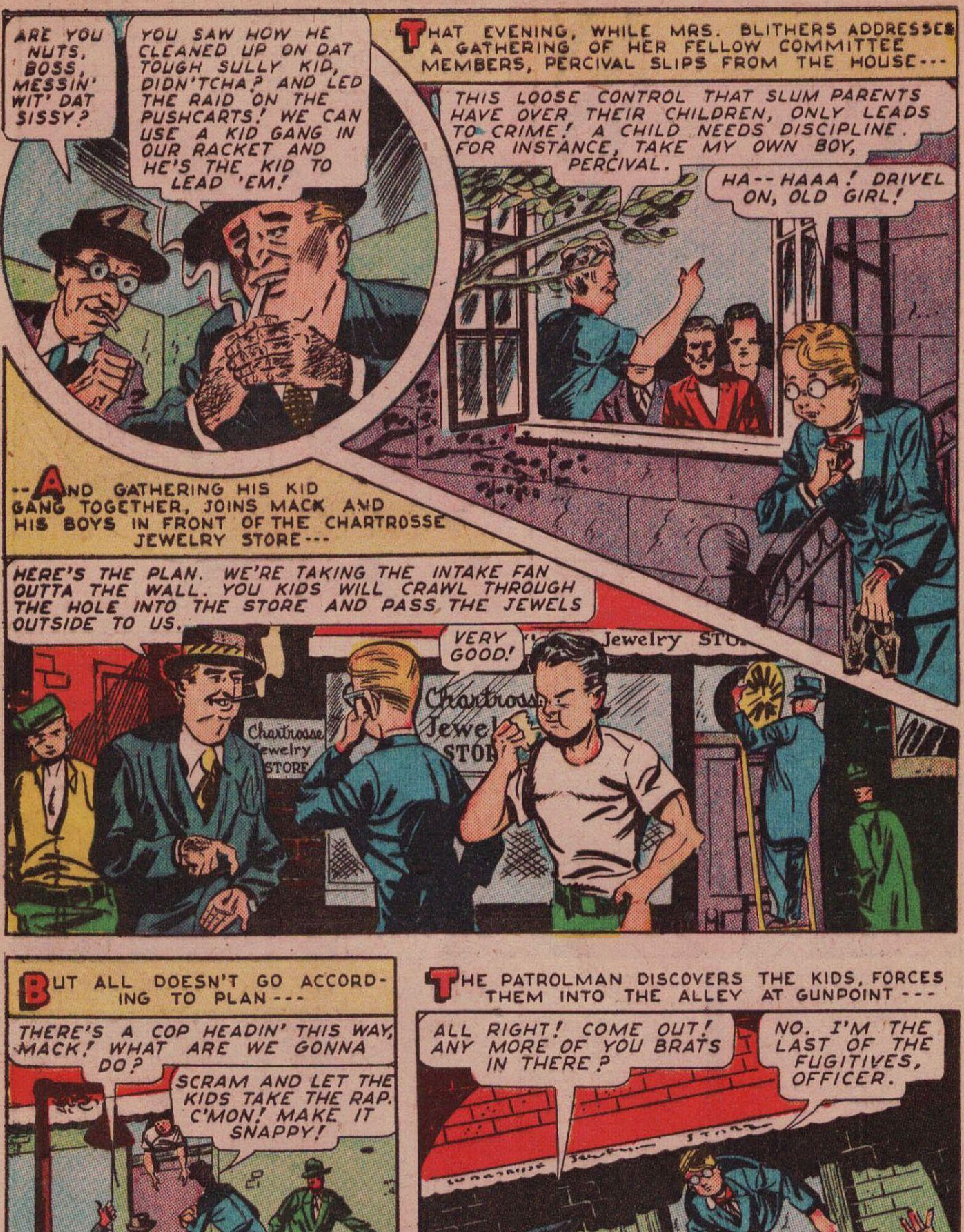
"NOBODY'S CHILDREN"

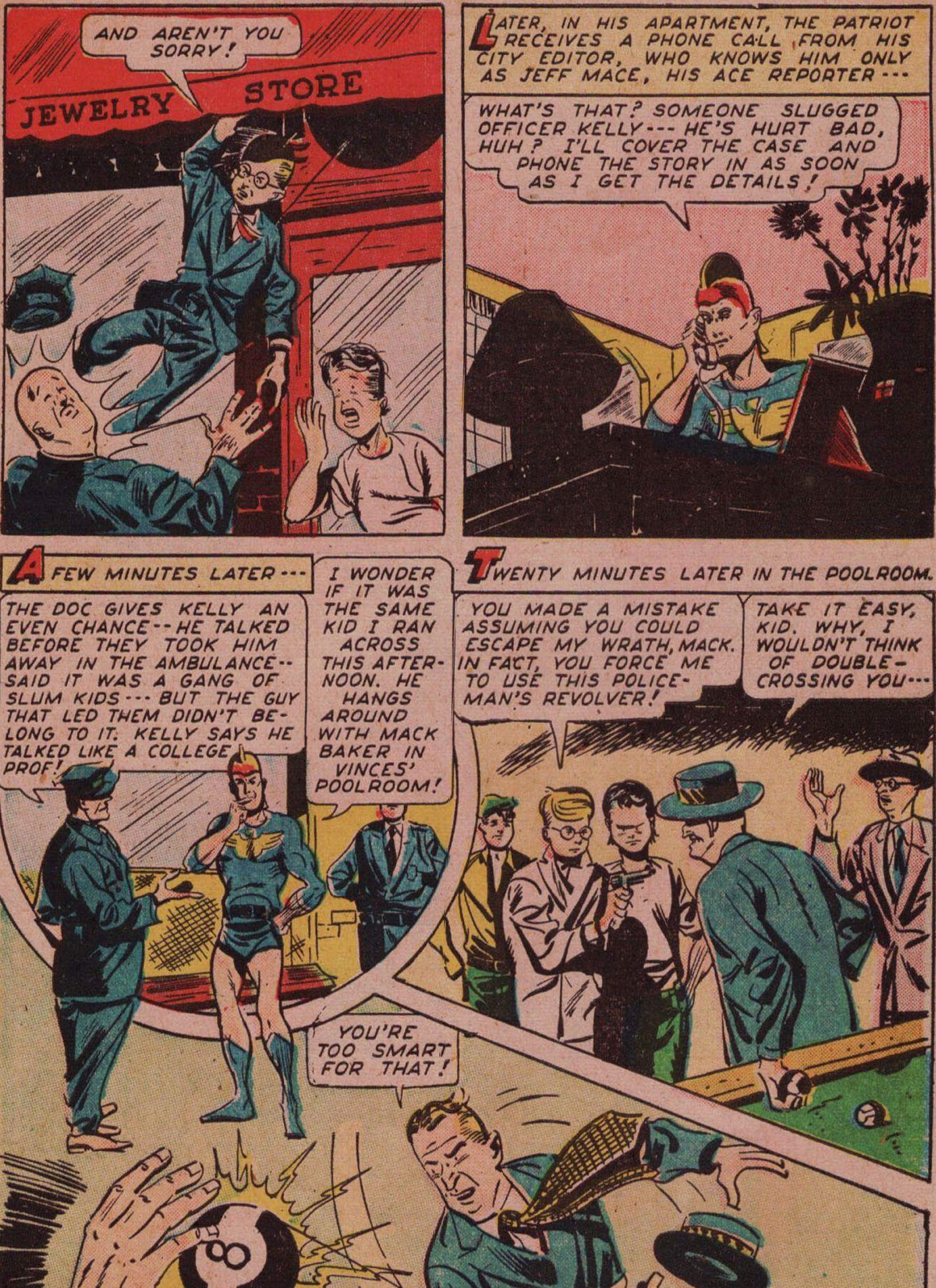

THE ***PATRIOT***, CRIME FIGHTER EXTRAORDINARY, LECTURES BEFORE A P.A.L. CLUB ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE---
---AND IT IS THESE THINGS THAT MAKE FOR GOOD AMERICANISM, HONESTY, INTEGRITY, CLEAN THINKING AND CLEAN LIVING! FOLLOW THEM AND THEY WILL TAKE YOU ALONG ***THE PATH OF HAPPINESS!***

THAT WAS GRAND, PATRIOT-- NOW I THINK THERE'S SOME QUESTIONS THE CHILDREN WILL BE ASKING YOU!
I'LL BE HAPPY TO ANSWER THEM, PHIL. STEP RIGHT UP TO THE PLATFORM, KIDS!
PHIL VOLMER INSTRUCTOR
MEANWHILE--- JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY---
HEY, SISSY! WHY DON'TCHA GO HOME TO YER MAMA?
BECAUSE I'M WAITING FOR MY MATER HERE! SAY--- STOP LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THAT TIRE!
SSSSSSSSSSSS
WHO'S GONNA STOP ME?
I AM! PREPARE TO SUFFER AN IGNOBLE DEFEAT!
PERCY STEPS OUT OF THE CAR AND REMOVES HIS JACKET.
BELLMAN'S
KERY
DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER!
POW!
DO YOU CAPITULATE?
YEAH! LEMME UP! I QUIT!
GOSH! YOU'RE A TOUGH EGG, AND YOU DON'T TAKE ANY PUSHING AROUND!
CORRECT! MY SPECIALTY IS PUSHING OTHERS AROUND--- AVOID THE STRONG--- PICK ON THE WEAK--- SEE THAT PUSHCART? WATCH!
BANANA! PINEAPPLE! WHO'S A BUY A--- DA--- PINEAPPLE------
10¢
2.

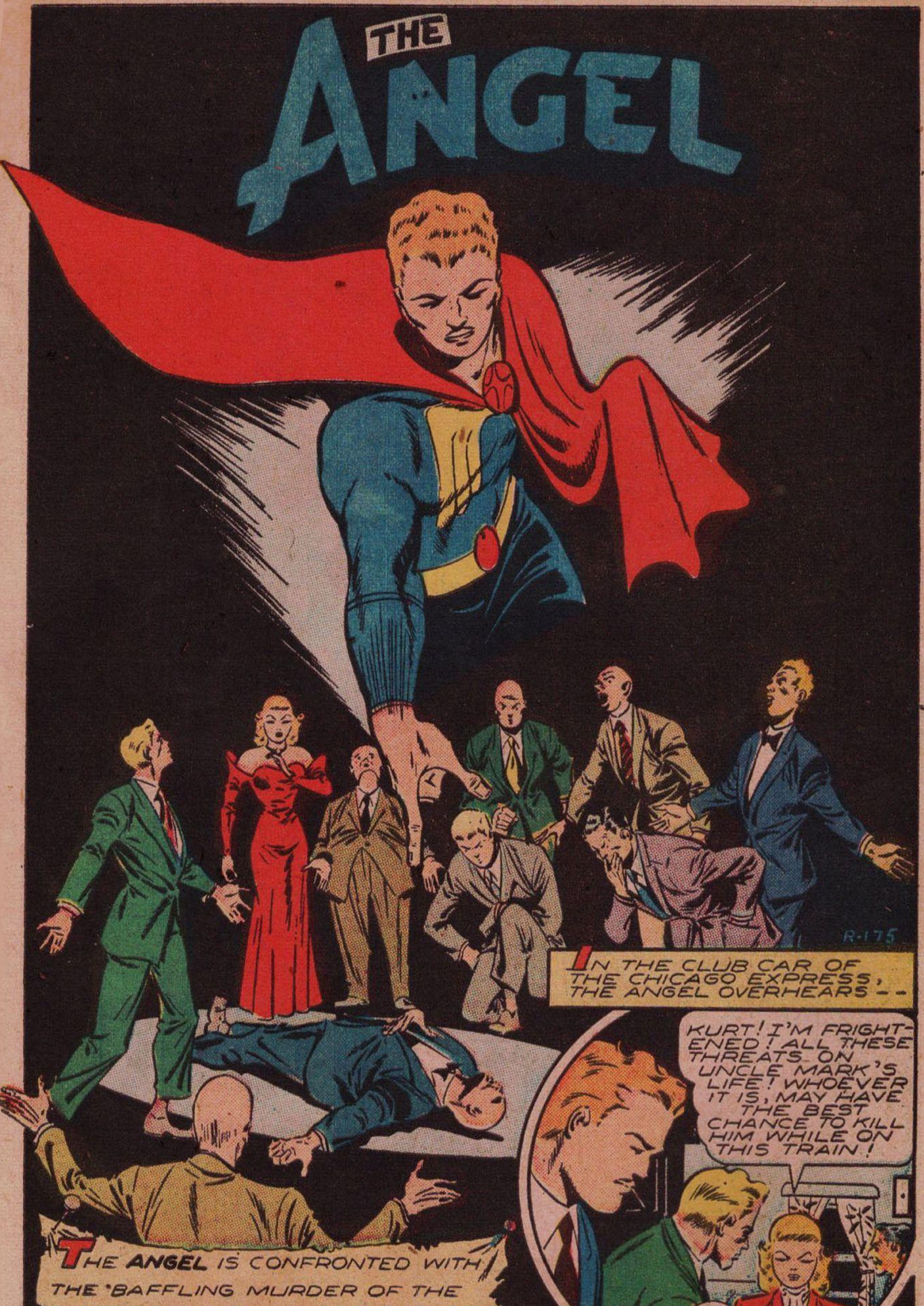

MY NICEA CART-- MY FRESHA FRUIT-- YOU RUIN ME--I CALL POLICE!
AWAY WITH YOU, PEDDLER--YOUR RAUCOUSNESS ANNOYS ME!
RUBBISH
HEY, THERE!
IT'S DA COPS!
WE'LL RETREAT!
MEANWHILE, THE PATRIOT RETURNS FROM THE P.A.L. CLUB----
SAY--WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?
UNHAND ME!
STOPA, THIEF, STOP!
OH, NO YOU DON'T! OWWW!
YOU HAD TO BE CONVINCED!
YOU LITTLE DEVIL--I'LL TEACH YOU TO GO AROUND BITING PEOPLE! OOOPS!
YOU'LL HAVE TO APPREHEND ME FIRST!
THERE HE GOES INTO THAT POOL ROOM--I'LL CATCH HIM NOW!
3

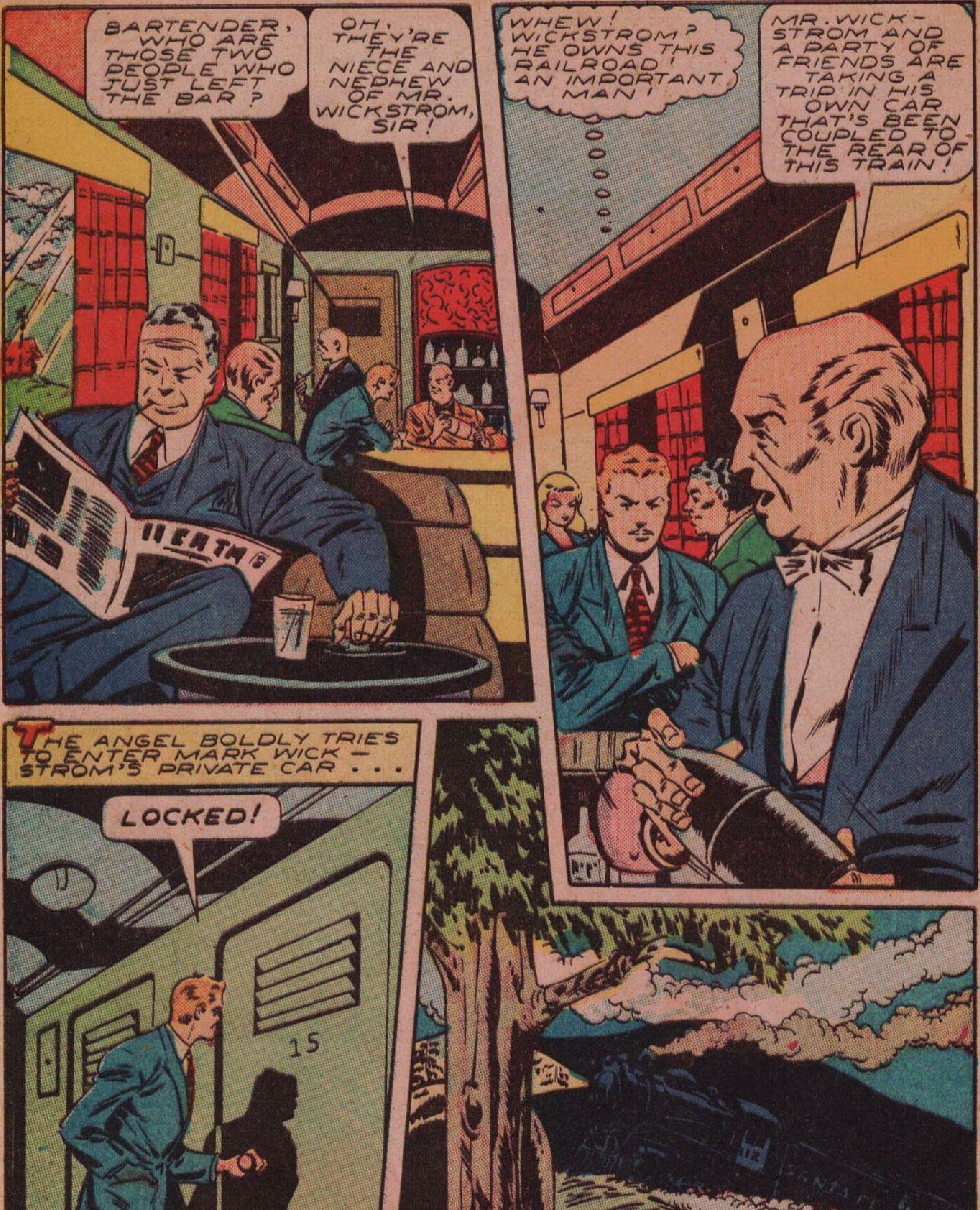

WELL, IF IT ISN'T THE PATRIOT! WHERE ARE YOU GOING, LITTLE BOY?
STEP ASIDE, BRAINLESS!
BILLIAR PARLO
ALL RIGHT, CHITTER, DO YOUR STUFF!
WIT' ALL MY HEART, MACK!
THE THUGS VANISH-- AND MINUTES LATER, PATRIOT, RECOVERING FROM THE BLOW, SEES THE FACE OF ---
OW! WHAT HIT ME?
OH, MY DEAH PATRIOT. I DO HOPE YOU FEEL BETTER. ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I'M MRS. J.J. BLITHERS!
RUBBIS
YOU'RE THE SOCIETY WOMAN WHO HEADS THE "STAMP OUT CRIME IN THE SLUMS BY SENDING SLUM INHABITANTS TO AFRICA COMMITTEE," AREN'T YOU?
IT'S THE ONLY SOLUTION. HEAVENS! I FORGOT MY OWN DEAH BOY! I LEFT HIM ALONE IN THE CAR IN THIS HORRID SECTION!
MEANWHILE, IN THE REAR OF THE POOLROOM--
YOU WISH TO ORGANIZE A JUVENILE GANG? I'M SURE I COULD CONVINCE THE URCHINS I CONTACTED THIS AFTERNOON TO SEE IT MY WAY.
SURE YUH CAN! GET 'EM TOGETHER AND MEET ME IN FRONT OF THE CHARTROSSE JEWELRY STORE TONIGHT AT TEN!
4

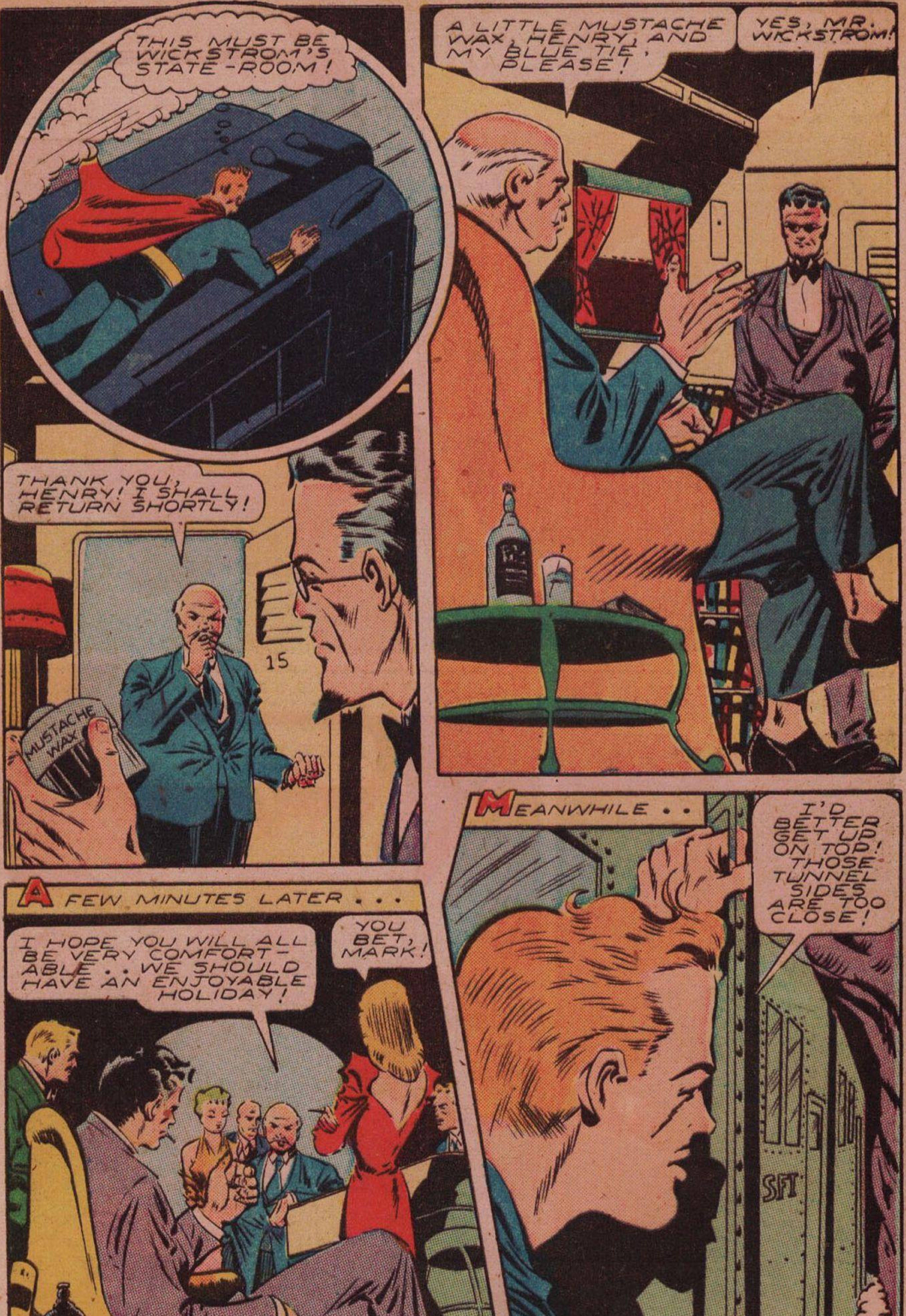

ARE YOU NUTS, BOSS, MESSIN' WIT' DAT SISSY?
YOU SAW HOW HE CLEANED UP ON DAT TOUGH SULLY KID, DIDN'TCHA? AND LED THE RAID ON THE PUSHCARTS! WE CAN USE A KID GANG IN OUR RACKET AND HE'S THE KID TO LEAD 'EM!
THAT EVENING, WHILE MRS. BLITHERS ADDRESSES A GATHERING OF HER FELLOW COMMITTEE MEMBERS, PERCIVAL SLIPS FROM THE HOUSE---
THIS LOOSE CONTROL THAT SLUM PARENTS HAVE OVER THEIR CHILDREN, ONLY LEADS TO CRIME! A CHILD NEEDS DISCIPLINE. FOR INSTANCE, TAKE MY OWN BOY, PERCIVAL.
HA--HAAA! DRIVEL ON, OLD GIRL!
--AND GATHERING HIS KID GANG TOGETHER, JOINS MACK AND HIS BOYS IN FRONT OF THE CHARTROSSE JEWELRY STORE---
HERE'S THE PLAN. WE'RE TAKING THE INTAKE FAN OUTTA THE WALL. YOU KIDS WILL CRAWL THROUGH THE HOLE INTO THE STORE AND PASS THE JEWELS OUTSIDE TO US.
VERY GOOD!
Jewelry STORE
Chartrosse Jewelry STORE
Chartrosse Jewelry STORE
BUT ALL DOESN'T GO ACCORDING TO PLAN---
THERE'S A COP HEADIN' THIS WAY, MACK! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?
SCRAM AND LET THE KIDS TAKE THE RAP. C'MON! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
THE PATROLMAN DISCOVERS THE KIDS, FORCES THEM INTO THE ALLEY AT GUNPOINT---
ALL RIGHT! COME OUT! ANY MORE OF YOU BRATS IN THERE?
NO. I'M THE LAST OF THE FUGITIVES, OFFICER.
CHARTROSSE JEWELRY STORE

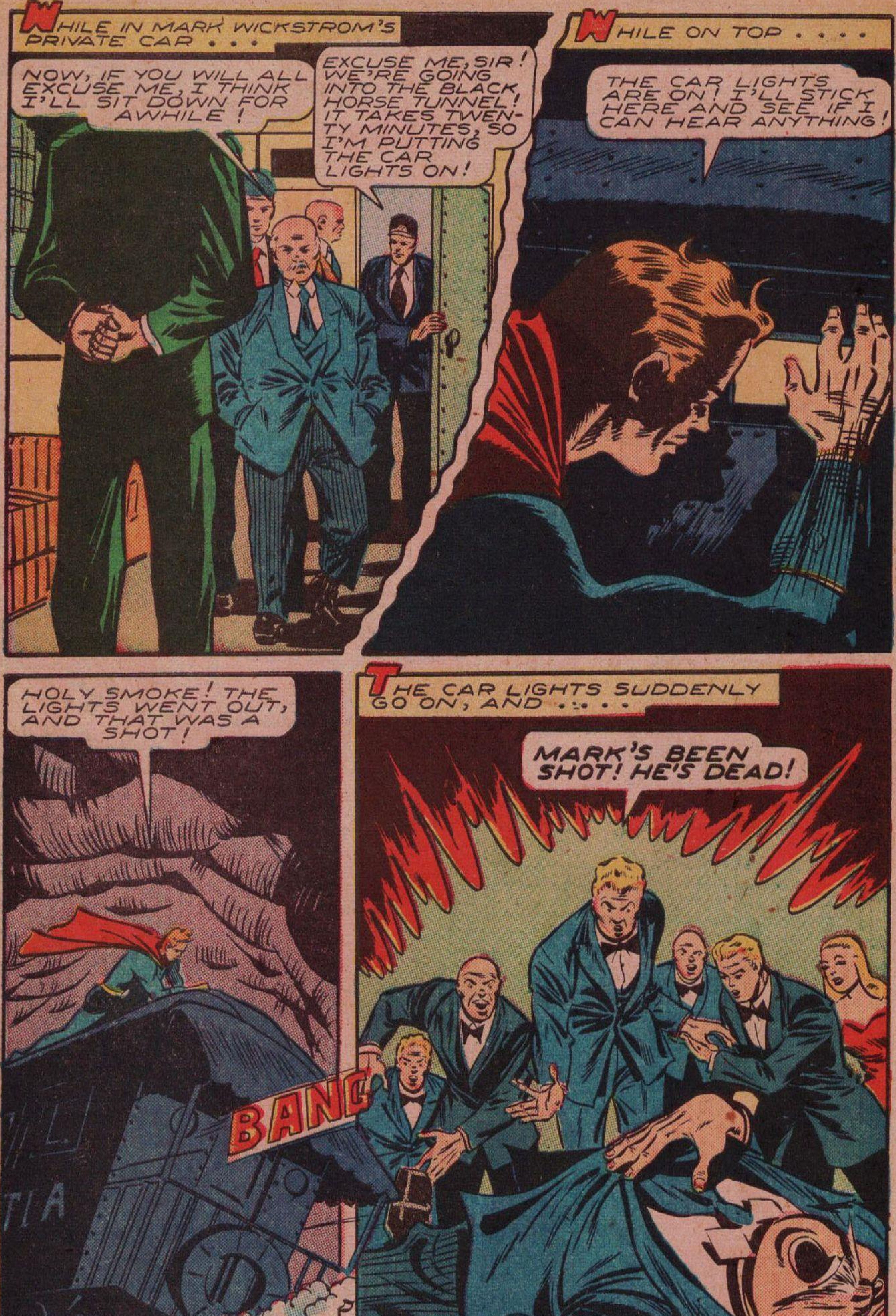

AND AREN'T YOU SORRY!
JEWELRY STORE
LATER, IN HIS APARTMENT, THE PATRIOT RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM HIS CITY EDITOR, WHO KNOWS HIM ONLY AS JEFF MACE, HIS ACE REPORTER---
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE SLUGGED OFFICER KELLY--- HE'S HURT BAD, HUH? I'LL COVER THE CASE AND PHONE THE STORY IN AS SOON AS I GET THE DETAILS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER---
THE DOC GIVES KELLY AN EVEN CHANCE--HE TALKED BEFORE THEY TOOK HIM AWAY IN THE AMBULANCE--SAID IT WAS A GANG OF SLUM KIDS--- BUT THE GUY THAT LED THEM DIDN'T BELONG TO IT. KELLY SAYS HE TALKED LIKE A COLLEGE PROF!
I WONDER IF IT WAS THE SAME KID I RAN ACROSS THIS AFTERNOON. HE HANGS AROUND WITH MACK BAKER IN VINCES' POOLROOM!
TWENTY MINUTES LATER IN THE POOLROOM.
YOU MADE A MISTAKE ASSUMING YOU COULD ESCAPE MY WRATH, MACK. IN FACT, YOU FORCE ME TO USE THIS POLICEMAN'S REVOLVER!
TAKE IT EASY, KID. WHY, I WOULDN'T THINK OF DOUBLE-CROSSING YOU---
YOU'RE TOO SMART FOR THAT!
8

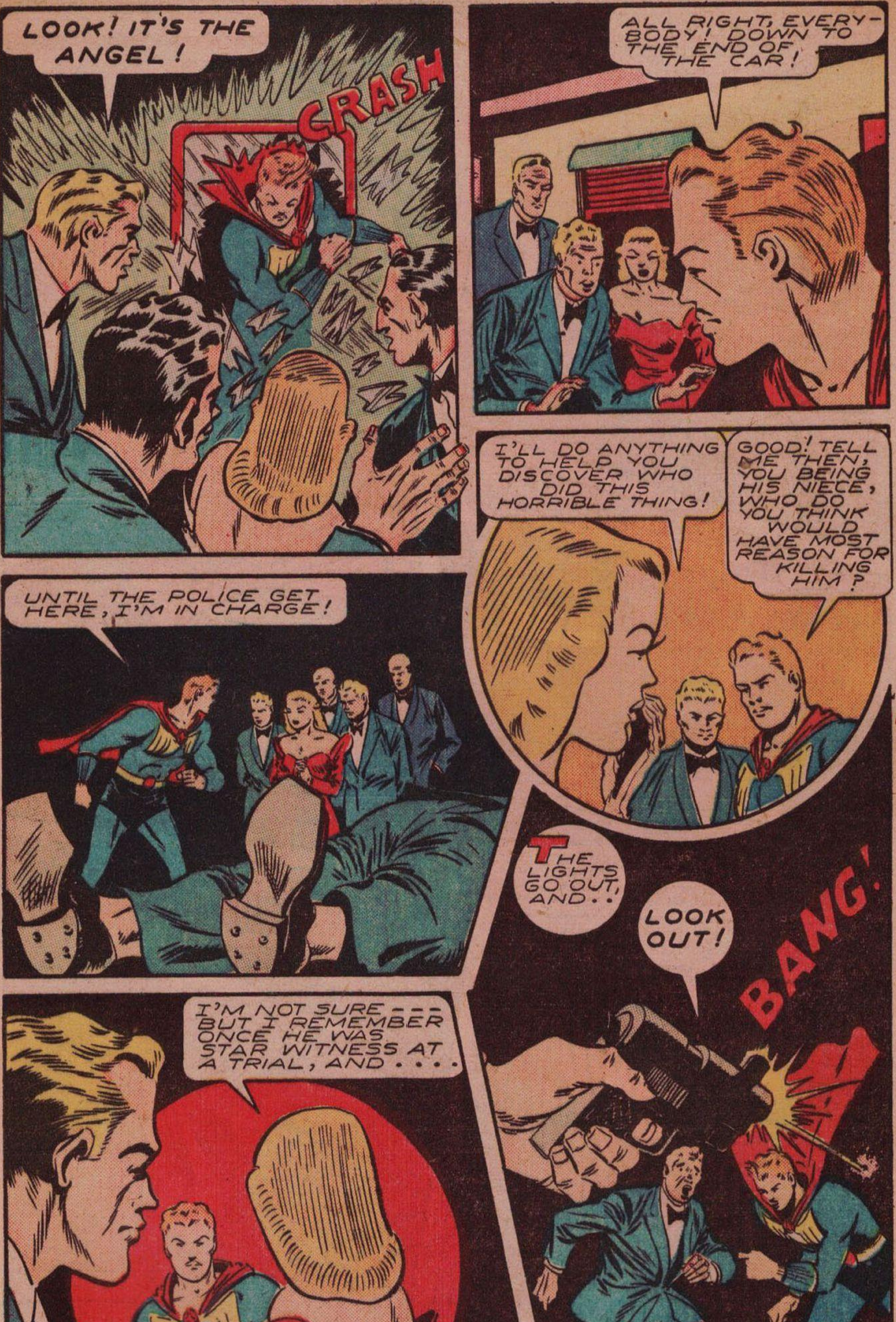
NICE PITCHING, MACK!
THE--THE PATRIOT--GET HIM, BOYS!
EIGHT BALL IN THE SIDE POCKET!
AFTER A SHORT BATTLE---
IT'S A GOOD THING YOU CAME ALONG WHEN YOU DID, OFFICER--THEY'RE ALL HERE--INCLUDING PERCY AND HIS GANG!
EARLY THE NEXT DAY, AT JUVENILE COURT---
FORTUNATELY OFFICER KELLY WILL RECOVER, OTHERWISE THE CHARGE AGAINST YOU WOULD BE MORE SERIOUS!
YOU SHOULD ALL BE GOING TO A REFORM-SCHOOL, BUT YOU WILL BE ON PAROLE FOR ONE YEAR
THANK YOU, SIR!
THE SAME EVENING, PATRIOT IS AGAIN A GUEST BEFORE A P.A.L. CLUB!
THE SLUMS HAVE NO MONOPOLY ON CRIME--IT FLOURISHES IN GOOD HOMES AS WELL--IT'S A PRODUCT OF NEGLECT BY PARENTS OF THEIR CHILDREN--WE MUST ALL STAMP IT OUT!
SOB! SOB! MY OWN SON! I'VE BEEN A FOOL!
The End


THE ANGEL
R-175
IN THE CLUB CAR OF THE CHICAGO EXPRESS, THE ANGEL OVERHEARS - -
KURT! I'M FRIGHTENED! ALL THESE THREATS ON UNCLE MARK'S LIFE! WHOEVER IT IS, MAY HAVE THE BEST CHANCE TO KILL HIM WHILE ON THIS TRAIN!
THE ANGEL IS CONFRONTED WITH THE BAFFLING MURDER OF THE INFLUENTIAL MARK WICKSTROM, ON THE SPEEDING CHICAGO EXPRESS . . . .

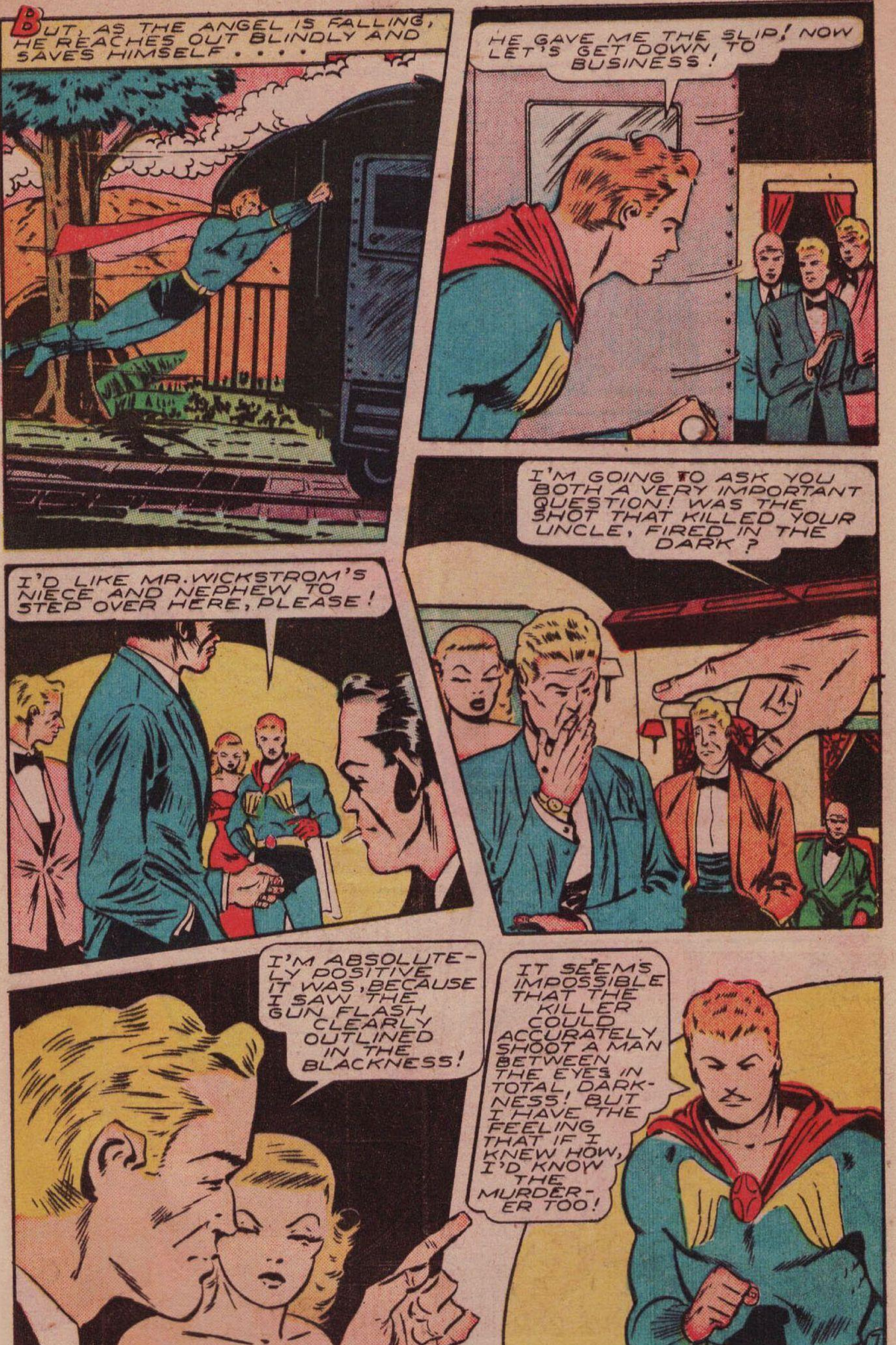

BARTENDER, WHO ARE THOSE TWO PEOPLE WHO JUST LEFT THE BAR?
OH, THEY'RE THE NIECE AND NEPHEW OF MR. WICKSTROM, SIR!
WHEW! WICKSTROM? HE OWNS THIS RAILROAD! AN IMPORTANT MAN!
MR. WICKSTROM AND A PARTY OF FRIENDS ARE TAKING A TRIP IN HIS OWN CAR THAT'S BEEN COUPLED TO THE REAR OF THIS TRAIN!
THE ANGEL BOLDLY TRIES TO ENTER MARK WICKSTROM'S PRIVATE CAR...
LOCKED!
15
THE ANGEL CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF THE FAST MOVING TRAIN....


THIS MUST BE WICKSTROM'S STATE-ROOM!
A LITTLE MUSTACHE WAX, HENRY, AND MY BLUE TIE, PLEASE!
YES, MR. WICKSTROM!
THANK YOU, HENRY! I SHALL RETURN SHORTLY!
15
MUSTACHE WAX
MEANWHILE . .
I'D BETTER GET UP ON TOP! THOSE TUNNEL SIDES ARE TOO CLOSE!
SFT
A FEW MINUTES LATER . . .
I HOPE YOU WILL ALL BE VERY COMFORTABLE . . WE SHOULD HAVE AN ENJOYABLE HOLIDAY!
YOU BET, MARK!


WHILE IN MARK WICKSTROM'S PRIVATE CAR . . .
NOW, IF YOU WILL ALL EXCUSE ME, I THINK I'LL SIT DOWN FOR AWHILE!
EXCUSE ME, SIR! WE'RE GOING INTO THE BLACK HORSE TUNNEL! IT TAKES TWENTY MINUTES, SO I'M PUTTING THE CAR LIGHTS ON!
WHILE ON TOP . . . .
THE CAR LIGHTS ARE ON! I'LL STICK HERE AND SEE IF I CAN HEAR ANYTHING!
HOLY SMOKE! THE LIGHTS WENT OUT, AND THAT WAS A SHOT!
BANG
TIA
THE CAR LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO ON, AND . . . . .
MARK'S BEEN SHOT! HE'S DEAD!
4


LOOK! IT'S THE ANGEL!
CRASH
ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY! DOWN TO THE END OF THE CAR!
UNTIL THE POLICE GET HERE, I'M IN CHARGE!
I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP YOU DISCOVER WHO DID THIS HORRIBLE THING!
GOOD! TELL ME THEN, YOU BEING HIS NIECE, WHO DO YOU THINK WOULD HAVE MOST REASON FOR KILLING HIM?
I'M NOT SURE --- BUT I REMEMBER ONCE HE WAS STAR WITNESS AT A TRIAL, AND . . .
THE LIGHTS GO OUT, AND . .
LOOK OUT!
BANG!

JUST AS SUDDENLY, THE LIGHTS GO ON . . . .
THERE GOES THE KILLER!
SLAM
GONE! HE'S CLIMBED TO THE ROOF!
11
13
15
THE ANGEL MAKES HIS WAY TO THE TOP OF THE TRAIN . . . .
WHAT'S THAT SPOT? MUST BE THE MURDERER!
THE ANGEL MOVES FORWARD ON THE SWAYING, SPEEDING TRAIN . . . .
SUDDENLY . . .
POW!
6


BUT, AS THE ANGEL IS FALLING, HE REACHES OUT BLINDLY AND SAVES HIMSELF....
HE GAVE ME THE SLIP! NOW LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS!
I'D LIKE MR. WICKSTROM'S NIECE AND NEPHEW TO STEP OVER HERE, PLEASE!
I'M GOING TO ASK YOU BOTH A VERY IMPORTANT QUESTION! WAS THE SHOT THAT KILLED YOUR UNCLE, FIRED IN THE DARK?
I'M ABSOLUTELY POSITIVE IT WAS, BECAUSE I SAW THE GUN FLASH CLEARLY OUTLINED IN THE BLACKNESS!
IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE THAT THE KILLER COULD ACCURATELY SHOOT A MAN BETWEEN THE EYES IN TOTAL DARKNESS! BUT I HAVE THE FEELING THAT IF I KNEW HOW, I'D KNOW THE MURDERER TOO!
7

I'VE GOT IT!
WHA--?
THE ANGEL RUSHES INTO MARK WICKSTROM'S STATEROOM AND RETURNS WITH---
THIS MUSTACHE WAX! IT'S FULL OF RADIUM, AND WHEN WICKSTROM USED IT, HIS MUSTACHE GLOWED IN THE DARK, MAKING A PERFECT TARGET! THE SHOT WAS FIRED FROM HIS STATEROOM! THE ONLY ONE THERE WAS--
ALL RIGHT! YOU'RE TOO CLEVER FOR YOUR OWN GOOD!
MUSTACHE WAX
BUT THE ANGEL IS QUICKER . .
THE VALET RECOVERS, AND . . .
YES, I KILLED HIM! BECAUSE IT WAS HIS TESTIMONY THAT CAUSED MY BROTHER'S EXECUTION FOR WRECKING THE WESTERN EXPRESS!
AND SO THE ANGEL BRINGS ANOTHER CRIMINAL TO JUSTICE . . . .
THE END

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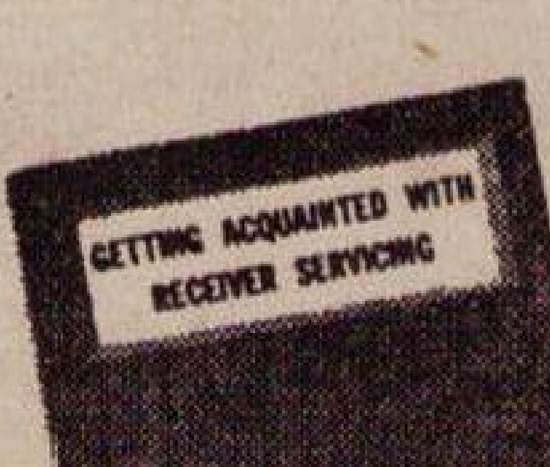

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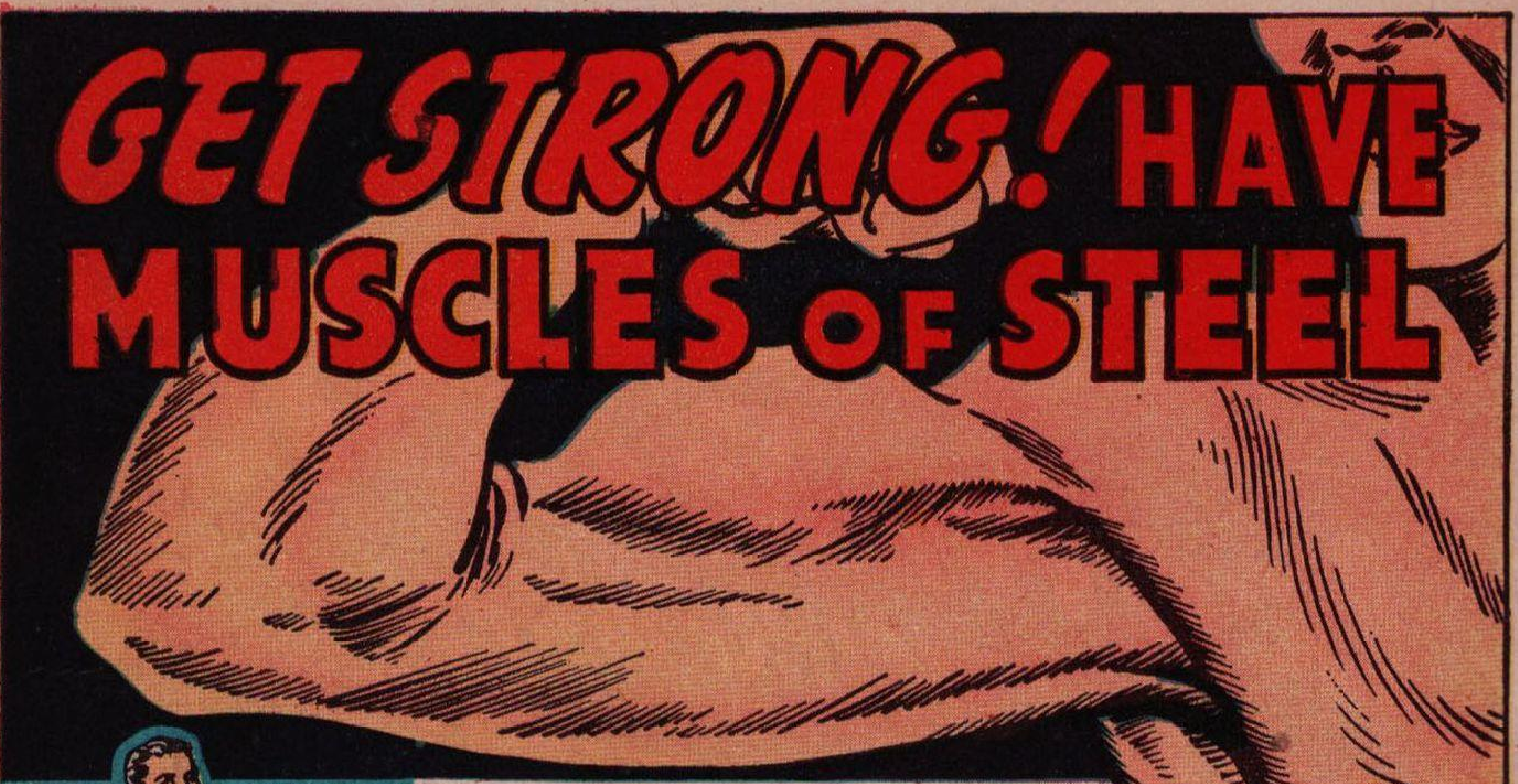
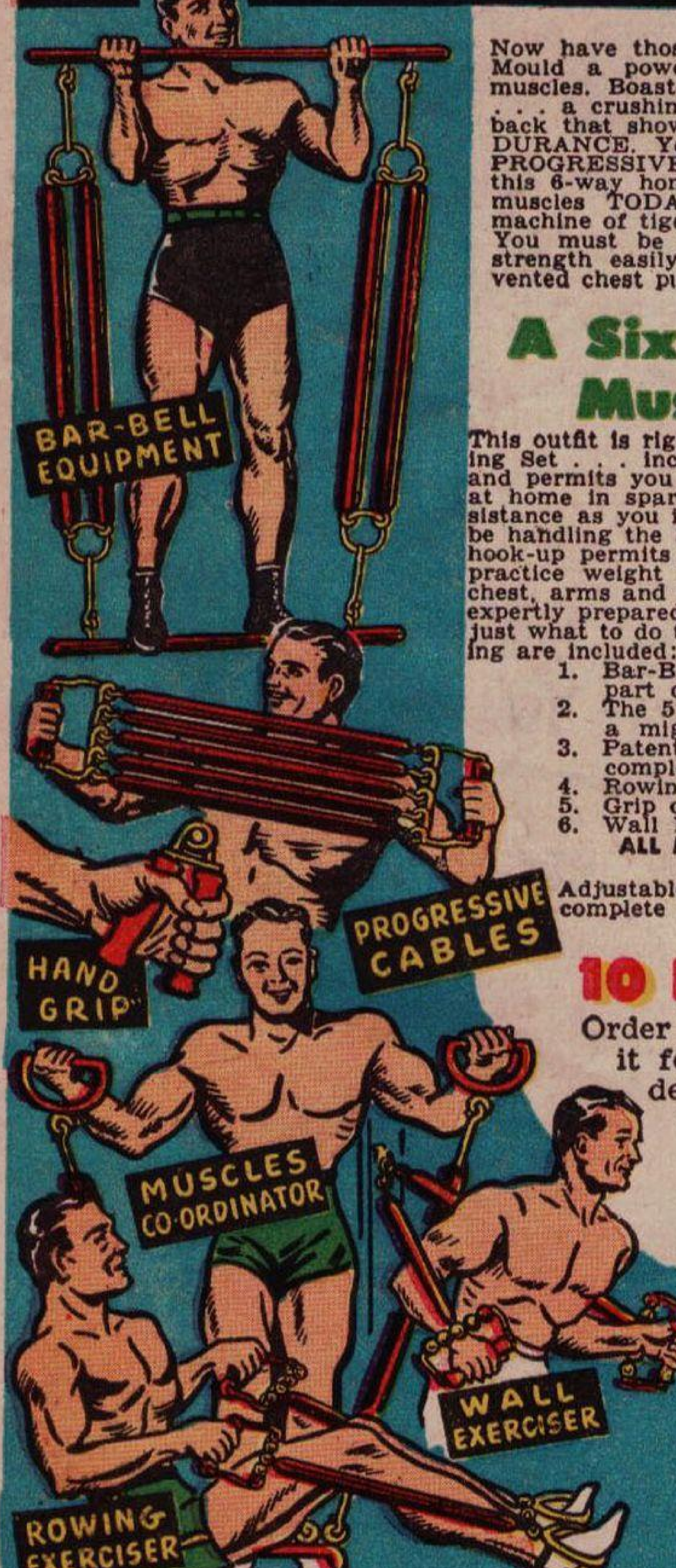
GET STRONG! HAVE MUSCLES OF STEEL





Now have those bulging strong man muscles. Get strong! Mould a powerful all-around body lined with steel-like muscles. Boast of sinewy arms like the village blacksmith . . . a crushing grip . . . a mighty chest . . . a powerful back that shows superman strength and legs that spell ENDURANCE. Yes . . . just 15 MINUTES A DAY with this PROGRESSIVE COMBINATION will quickly do the trick. Get this 6-way home gym. NOW . . . start building tomorrow's muscles TODAY. Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead . . . get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

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This outfit is rightly named a 6-Way Progressive Muscle Building Set . . . includes practically all the advantages of a gym and permits you to do your training and muscle building right at home in spare time. The beauty of it is that you add resistance as you increase your strength. In quick time, you will be handling the 5 super-power live rubber cables. The Bar-Bell hook-up permits you to do all kinds of Bar-Bell workouts, to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of legs, chest, arms and back so you build as you train. Then there are expertly prepared pictures and printed instructions to show you just what to do to get bursting strength fast. All of the following are included:

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☐ Enclosed find $8.98 in full payment.

It is understood if I am not satisfied I may return the "WHITELY GYM" and you will refund my $8.98.

(SERVICEMEN NOTE: Sorry, but shipments can only be made in U.S.A. either C.O.D. or prepaid. Ruling will not permit shipments to F.P.O. or A.P.O. Canadian shipments accepted cash with order in American funds).

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY................ZONE....STATE:..........